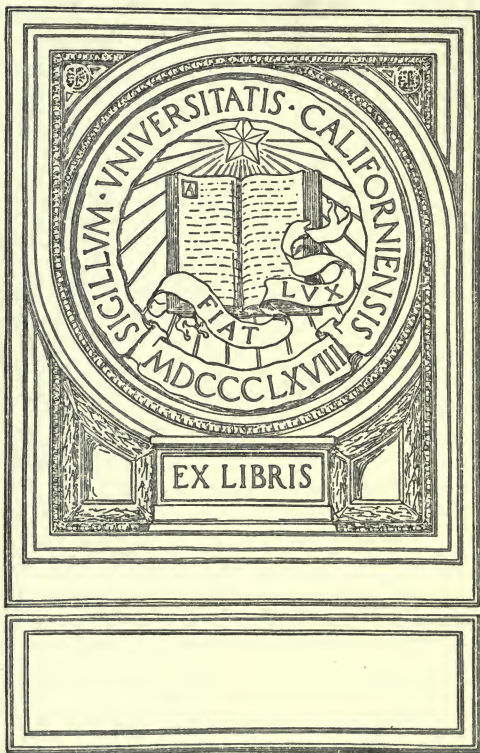


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TO THE
ABBOT

Within the brief compass of this little book I have tried to relate the most stirring incidents in the history of the country that I love. These pages are dedicated to you, gallant soldiers of Great Britain and America, who have shared evil and good fortune along with our heroic troops. It is my hope that what I have written may interest you and serve as a memorial of that Italy who, by her neutral attitude, saved France in 1914 and, shaking off an unworthy alliance, entered the field of conflict when the issue was darkened with uncertainty. One recalls the words of a great Poet of your race:

in the mist

Was many a noble deed, many a base,
 And chance and craft and strength in single fights,
 And ever and anon host against host
 Shocked and shrieks
 After the Christ, of those who falling down
 Looked up for heaven, and only saw the mist;
 Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous blasphemies,
 Sweat, writhings, anguish, labouring of the lungs
 In that close mist, and crying for the light,
 Moans of the dying, and voices of the dead.

Yet, whatever the uncertainty, Italy clearly saw her duty in 1915, and so helped to save Europe from the reign of brute force. Now that the ideals of a blood and iron despotism have,

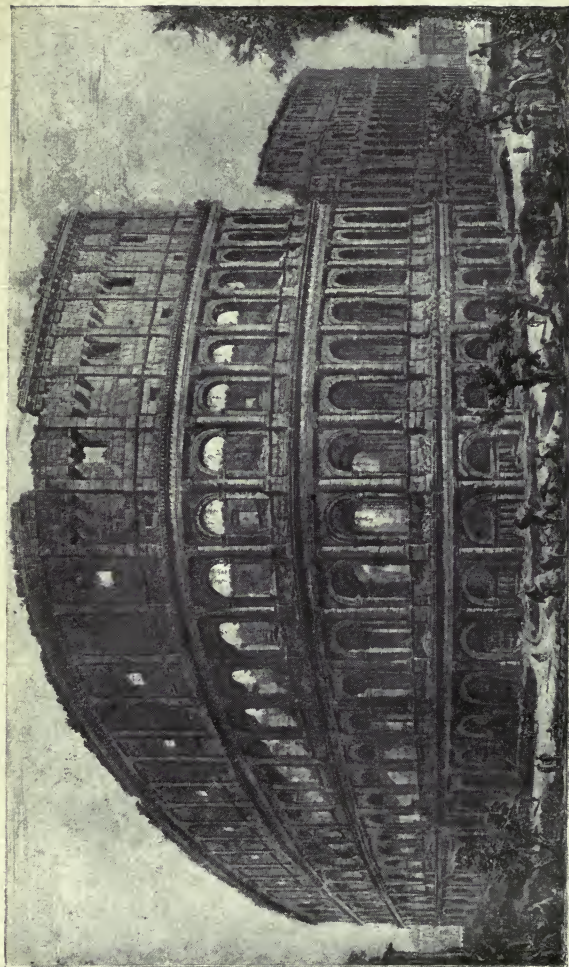
been for ever discredited, Italy desires, still co-operating with those who have shared with her these years of stress, to maintain and to promote those ideals of Justice from which alone a fair and ordered Civilisation can spring.

A. PONS, M. A.

You have laboured to vindicate the rights of the oppressed, to restore the reign of Justice on the earth. May you enjoy to the full the fruits of the peace your efforts have won, in the coming Kingdom which shall belong to the men of good will.

R. GALLENGA-STUART

Under-Secretary of State.



Majestic ruins of a civilisation that never died.





Do you remember when you were a schoolboy and your masters spoke to you about an empire whose boundaries were the furthest corners of the world and which was mistress of all the riches of this earth?

You listened spellbound to his tales of the conquests made by the Caesars, whose triumphal march was preceded by chariots laden with booty, and escorted and followed by the barbarian chieftains whom they brought back as slaves to *Rome*, the seven-hilled town, built (according to legend) by the gods along the Tiber, not far from the sea.

Did you not imagine Rome to be like a grove of marble and bronze and gold, with monster buildings erected by millions of slaves for the delectation of the thousands of patricians, and the well-to-do? And did you not learn moreover that Rome was the Capital of a great Empire, the civilisation of which, its laws, administration and discipline had been accepted by the hordes of people vanquished by its sword?

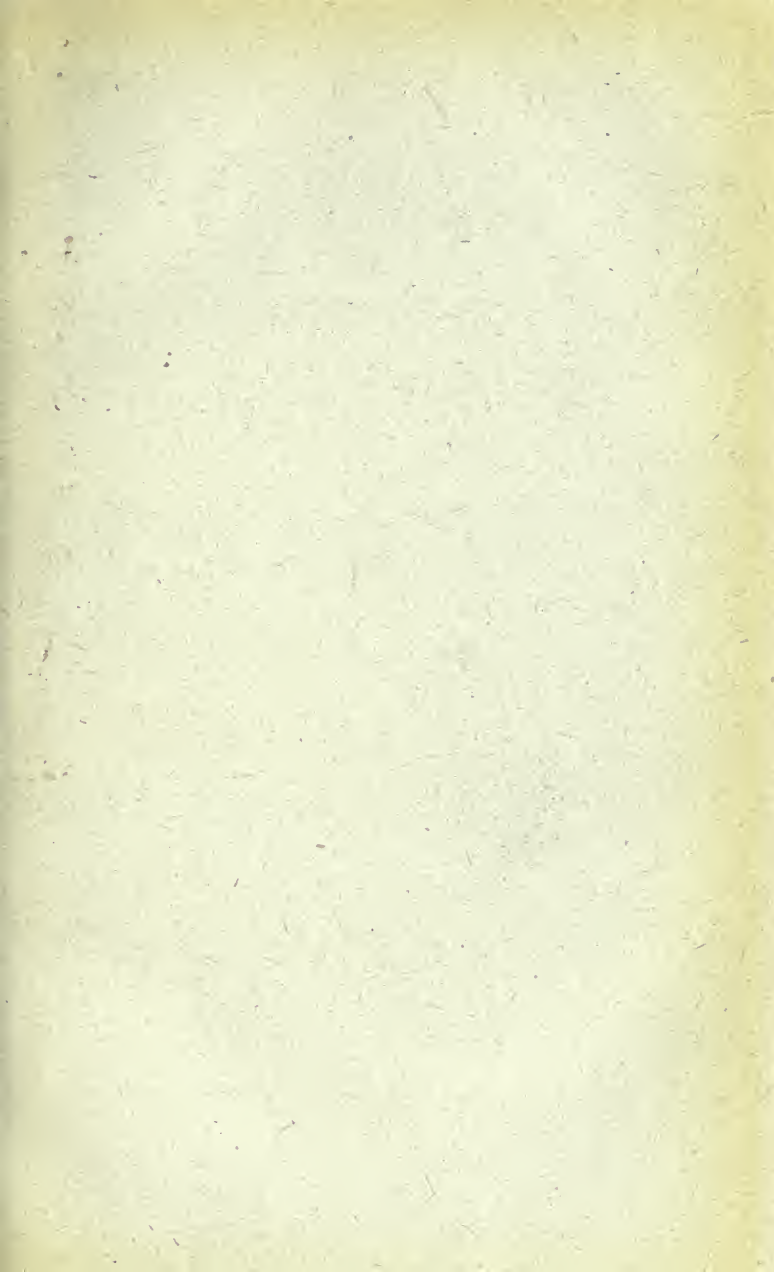
To your youthful minds these history lessons were, no doubt, surrounded by an atmosphere of grandeur which even time has been unable completely to dissipate and your minds again took fire as you beheld the material ruins of this Empire.

These ruins are still standing, in spite of two thousand years of ravage and rapine, of profanation and violence. They speak of a past which is not yet dead, which allows us, now as always, to draw from the ancients; the wisdom of the Forum still abides in our law-courts; the amphitheatres of Verona and Taormina are still an aesthetic enjoyment to all cultivated intellects, while painters and historians flock from all over the world to study and portray the marvels of Rome's arches and columns, and the aqueducts which enhance the solitary charm of the Campagna, while whole towns like Pompeii and Herculaneum still reveal the treasures of a buried past.

But this classic past is not all. After the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, — which threatened to bring Rome under a permanent eclipse, — Rome revived some of its former glories through the Church becoming the spiritual centre of the world. Pope Leo I affirmed that: " St. Peter " and St. Paul are the Romulus and Remus of new Rome, " as much superior to the old as truth is to error. If ancient " Rome was at the head of the pagan world, St. Peter, " prince of apostles, came to teach in the new Rome, so that " from her the light of Christianity should be shed over the " world „.

The Church adopted the administration of the Empire, and exacted blind obedience to a sole rule which maintained the unity and purity of faith, and gradually became a power greater even than that of the Empire it replaced. The Church became for all christian people what the Empire had been for the world. Rome remained the one city towards which all eyes were turned. Beseechingly everybody looked to the Church for peace, order, refuge, and amidst the universal wreckage of art, science and literature, she, and she alone, was able to give peace to the humble, consolation to the afflicted, a refuge to the homeless, power to the strong, a new orientation to thought.

Look at the hordes of Barbarians who hurled themselves against Rome! They came trampling over mountains and





The **Abbey of Montecassino**, near Naples, founded in 529 by St. Benedict, has always been a seat of learning. More like a fortress than a monastery, it contains, besides the church itself, the *Library* of 15,000 volumes comprising rare editions and valuable MSS.; and the *Archives* where are preserved 800 Imperial charters of Emperors, and the complete collection of pontifical bulls relating to Montecassino.

plains, wading through rivers, pillaging, burning, destroying in their wake all that barred their way to Rome, — and yet their history lasted no longer than a day!

Look at the Church, on the other hand. She remains unshaken, and Rome with her. Popes and bishops, monks and anchorites have not built her foundations upon sand, but upon solid rock. The Church has stood everlasting through the ages: no one has dared to touch her, no one has ever enslaved her. Unlike the Vandals, the primitive Church did not destroy the pagan temples, but made them her own and consecrated them to the worship of Christ, dethroned Venus to put the Virgin in her place, transformed statues of Greek divinities to the likeness of the Apostles, and utilised to her advantage all that remained of Imperial Rome, even to surmounting with crosses the obelisks from Egypt and putting a halo round the heads of Emperors like Antoninus and Trajan.

But the Church accomplished more than this. In her bosom was kept alive the spark of learning amidst the universal ignorance; she it was who made work an ennobling pursuit. Through long centuries the monks, shut within their monastery walls, alternated hours of study and meditation with the labour of the hands. From Italy monks of the order of St. BENEDICT passed to Gaul, Spain, England, Germany, throwing broadcast the seeds of civilisation: draining of marshes, tillage of the soil, rearing of cattle, the care of the sick, the instruction of the young, were their occupations. The energy of Gregory the Great endowed all the countries subject to the Roman See with churches, schools, hospitals, abbeys nestling among their farms and orchards.

In taking over the inheritance of Rome, the Primitive Church saved humanity from falling back into barbarism, and the world at large from returning to a state of chaos. If the Church had only stopped there, what a beautiful history hers would have been, and how she would have blessed humanity! But alas, the Church missed her opportunity through an unchristian desire for power. Proudly conscious that she inherited the traditions of the Roman Empire, she coveted

the riches needed to maintain her world-claim: she cast humbleness behind her back and changed her watch-word: " I must serve God „, into: " You must serve me „.

Many a pious man, on his death bed, bequeathed to the Church all his riches. These consisted mainly in large estates to be found sometimes in Sicily, or in central Italy, in Gaul or Sardinia, and these the Church held like any private landlord.

Later on, the Popes coveted possessions on a vaster scale, and Zachary, having crowned PEPIN king of the Franks, and blessed his son, who afterwards became Charlemagne, extracted from Pepin the promise that the Adriatic provinces, then held by the Lombards, would be surrendered to himself. The promise was kept. Crossing the Alps, Pepin defeated the Lombard king and obliged him to surrender Ravenna and the five towns south of it to the Pope. In this way the Pope became a sovereign.

The manner in which the papal monarchy originated is of fundamental interest, because the relations arising subsequently between the Papacy and the Emperors, — virtually the relationship between Rome and the rest of the world, — constitute the central point of history in general and of the history of Italy in particular.

The Pope testified his gratitude to Pepin by inviting his son Charlemagne to come to Rome and there receive the imperial crown.

" On Christmas day in the year 800, CHARLEMAGNE headed
" a great procession of Frankish nobles and citizens through
" the streets of Rome, towards the basilica of St. Peter,
" whose gilt bronze roof, taken from a pagan temple, shone
" conspicuous on the Vatican hill. They walked through
" the Aurelian gate, crossed the bridge over the Tiber, and
" then, turning to the left, followed the colonnade which
" extended all the way from Hadrian's Mausoleum to the
" atrium of the basilica. There they mounted the broad flight
" of marble steps, at the top of which the Pope with his
" court awaited the King. Then Pope and King, followed by

“ the procession, crossed the great atrium paved with white
“ marble, past the fir-cone fountain and papal tombs, to the
“ central door of the basilica, which swung open its thousand
“ weight of silver to receive them: then, up the long nave,
“ screened by rows of antique columns from double aisles
“ on either side, all rich with tapestries of purple and
“ gold, they proceeded, with slow and solemn steps, to the
“ tomb of the Apostle. Thirteen hundred and seventy candles
“ in the great candelabrum glowed on the silver floor of
“ the shrine, and glittered on the gold and silver statues
“ around it. In the great apse, behind the high altar, sat the
“ clergy, row upon row, beneath the Pontiff’s throne; above,
“ the Byzantine mosaics looked down in sad severity. Here
“ Charlemagne knelt at the tomb and prayed. As he rose
“ from his knees, the Pope lifted an Imperial crown of gold
“ and placed it on his head, while all the congregation shouted,
“ Life and Victory to Charles Augustus, crowned by God,
“ the great and peaceful Emperor! „.

The ceremony of the anointing of Charlemagne was superb, and the people of Rome must have been touched by its solemnity. But the centuries that followed were of such sombre and tragic character, that the splendour of the ceremony has been tarnished by time.

The King-Pope often had to fight and struggle against the Romans, even against the Church herself. The king-ship of the popes, differing from all other sovereignties in this that it is not hereditary, each Pope hastened to enrich his own family, to endow his nephews in order to make them strong and dreaded. To get rid of his enemies, the Pope enlisted mercenary troops, requested the help of some baron or prince, and there was bloodshed in the towns, on the steps even of churches. To suppress any republican feelings in their states, the Popes did not hesitate to have recourse to foreigners. Such was the constant policy of the Papacy.

What a sight Italy was in those days! Open to brigandage of all kinds, the country was invaded from north to south by kings, sometimes by mere princes, called in by the Pope.

Suddenly an army of steel-clad knights would appear, causing distress and suffering among the population. The peasant at his plough would shudder at the flames inexorably devouring his abode, or would hurry at the sound of the tocsin from the neighbouring town, to swell, behind the city walls, the small throng of men that offered a heroic but useless resistance. The invader would hew down the doors with hatchets, and order the destruction of ramparts and forts. At times, in a fit of generosity, he would not rase the town to the ground, but having taken all there was to be taken, he would take horse again and go further afield to satiate his thirst of destruction. It was a scourge, — like the plague, like the hail, like an earthquake, — which passed over Italy mowing men down, destroying property and riches, accumulated through toilsome and laborious days.

One example will suffice to illustrate this terrible state of affairs.

The Pope, who wanted to chastise the Romans for their enthusiasm towards a monk embued with idealism, — ARNALDO DA BRESCIA, — called upon Barbarossa to perform this task. FREDERICK BARBAROSSA, the most frightful Hun of his days, summoned a formidable army, crossed the Alps and, having encamped at Como, ordered Milan to open its gates. Milan refused.

Barbarossa wrote to his uncle of the way in which he paid the town for its presumption :

“ we marched into their territory; they kept us away
“ from their rich lands and made us pass three whole days
“ in the midst of a desert; until at last, against their wish,
“ we pitched our camp one mile from Milan. Here, after they
“ had refused provisions for which we had offered to pay, we
“ took possession of one of their fine castles, defended by
“ five hundred horsemen, and reduced it to ashes; and our
“ cavalry advanced to the gates of Milan and killed many
“ Milanese and took many prisoners. Then open war broke
“ out between us. When we crossed the river Ticino in order
“ to go to Novara, we captured two bridges which they had

" fortified with castles, and after the army had crossed,
 " destroyed them. Then we dismantled three of their for-
 " tresses.... and after we had celebrated Christmas with great
 " merriment, we marched by way of Vercelli and Turin to
 " the Po; we crossed the river and destroyed the strong
 " city of Chieri, and burned Asti. This done, we laid siege
 " to Tortona, most strongly fortified both by art and nature;
 " and on the third day, having captured the suburbs, we
 " should easily have carried the citadel, if night and stormy
 " weather had not prevented us. At last, after many assaults,
 " many killed, and a piteous slaughter of citizens, we forced
 " the citadel to surrender, not without losing a number of
 " our men „.

Barbarossa was devoured by ambition. He aspired to the Imperial crown which he deemed his right. He convoked a diet (or assembly) at Roncaglia, near Piacenza, to which he summoned bishops, dukes, counts, marquises, four famous jurists and two representatives of the fourteen towns who had had the good sense to unite in a defensive league. At Roncaglia, the jurists declared that " the Emperor's will has the force of law „. The nobles and the clergy gave their approval, and Barbarossa's triumph was complete. But such a decision could only be enforced by might as against right, and the Emperor, with strong faith in his power, commanded the towns of the League to accept it. They refused. On this the fury of Barbarossa knew no bounds; he entered Milan by brute force, and in the space of a week, the Holy Week of 1162, rased it literally to the ground. Not a single stone was left standing, and Barbarossa, proud of his achievement, dated his letters: " after the destruction of Milan „!

But the Hun by his armed might could not boast of having completely crushed the rebels. If you think that the Milanese without a town, bare-footed, the halter round their necks, had nothing left but surrender to the cruel enemy, you are mistaken; the fearless of mind may be beaten to their knees, they will never yield. From among these Milanese, crushed, discouraged, reduced to their utmost, rose a

citizen ALBERTO DA GIUSSANO, who addressed them thus :
 " Do you remember the order we waited for during nine days?
 " It said: the Emperor allows you six days to get out, you
 " and your belongings. We hurried to our church St. Am-
 " brogio, to pray and kiss the Cross and the altars, but the
 " Church thrust us back like mangy dogs! Do you remember
 " that fateful Palm Sunday of the Passion of Christ and of
 " Milan? We saw one by one crumble down the three hundred
 " towers of our city-walls, and through smoke and dust we
 " saw our homes, like shapeless skeletons, reduced to ashes.
 " Not even the remains of our forefathers were spared! „

This said, he covered his face with his hands and cried like a child. It roused the people, and they roared like wild animals. Women pale, haggard, their arms held out in menace, cried out to their men: — " Kill him, kill, kill Barbarossa! „

The fury of a nation stirred to its depths, works miracles. Such was the prodigious effort of the leagued towns, who, with their banners and their sign the " Carroccio „, attacked the Imperial army at Legnano, near Milan, and put it to rout.

Chieri, Asti, Tortona, Milan, were re-built, stone by stone, through the love of their inhabitants.

*
 * *

Still you must not think that this life of frightfulness was the only thing existing at that time in Italy. There was, besides, rich and prosperous life, due to the quick intelligence of her people. The towns of the South flourished even more than those of the North.

Amalfi, now-a-days but a fishing village, was in the eleventh century a flourishing republic having commerce with Egypt and Syria, with a maritime code of its own, coining its own money, and rivalling *Salerno*, which became also renowned for having given to Europe many physicians of repute.

Naples, too, was an important commercial centre. But it was given to the Northern sea-ports to become world-renowned, earning for themselves lasting fame. The factories of *Pisa* were scattered along the coasts of Syria and Asia Minor; *Pisa* check-mated the Saracens and carried warfare down into Africa. Her commerce and the booty derived from her wars, allowed *Pisa* to erect most magnificent buildings. Her Cathedral and the Baptistery of priceless marbles, tell a tale of the dauntless energy, intelligence and industry of her people.

Genoa, *Pisa*'s great rival, rose to even higher glory. Her daring mariners went trading all over the Mediterranean, buying, selling and exchanging their goods, bringing back cargoes laden with spices and sugar, pearls and precious stones, wool, leather, silks, carpets, — and behind it all there was but one thought: to embellish their native city and to endow their churches with memorial windows.

Last comes *Venice*, — the Constantinople of the West, — who rapidly became the Queen of sea-towns " holding the East in fee „. The growth of *Venice* dates back to the Crusades, and it was she who conveyed back the body of St. Mark the Evangelist and built in his honour the Basilica of St. Mark, one of the purest jewels of architecture. She it was who supplied the Crusaders with ships, victuals and armour, transporting them to Palestine. Born for trade, enriched by trade, *Genoa*, *Pisa* and *Venice* expanded their activities also to the interior of the country, and enabled the cities of Lombardy and Tuscany to do business with the outside world. In fact these cities loaded the galleys anchored in the ports of *Genoa*, or at the mouth of the Arno, or lying in the lagunes, with their oil, their wine, their cloth and their metal works.

You can see, therefore, that side by side with the nobles and the clergy, there sprang up another enterprising class of people: " la borghesia „, or what we would term the middle class. Rough and shrewd, firm yet restless, these talented men of the borghesia had simple manners, devoted hearts and blood in their veins.

The middle class comprised all manner of men: notaries, merchants, artisans, courtiers, apothecaries, dyers, goldsmiths, carpenters, bootmakers. These workers were formed into *guilds*, and all free men were invited to join a guild in their quality either of masters, journeymen or apprentices. Becoming very numerous and powerful, this class made itself heard. It had a word to say in the governing of the town or commune, it supervised its council and, when the Assembly of all free citizens was convened in the "piazza," (principal square), it approved or rejected the questions that were submitted to it.

High walls, strengthened by fortified towers, surrounded every town, which possessed a beautiful cathedral, a "piazza," and the city-hall. Houses and palaces were real fortresses, because each family had to provide for its own defence, as no police existed in those days. Each town had its own weights and measures and coined its own money. The middle class took to do also with politics. Inasmuch as the Italians are by nature an emotional race, it follows that political passions ran very high. A certain town was Guelf, partisan of the Pope, another was Ghibelline, partisan of the Emperor. More often the same town was divided into two factions, one Ghibelline and the other Guelf, fighting continually among themselves.

It can easily be understood, therefore, that the love of the *native land* (*patria*) in those days, was not the same as it is to-day. To-day the sense of country is that deep bond which unites together all people who speak the same language, divide the same interests, kindle to the same ideals, hold dear the same traditions, and find under the same flag the symbol of their highest national aspirations.

In those by-gone days, on the other hand, the fatherland was represented merely by the town in which one was born: outside its gates one came into touch at once with rivals or enemies. The feeling of country being so much narrower, it was also more violent and intolerant, adding to the internal struggle in each town, the rivalries of one town with another.



Piazza del Campo (to-day « Piazza Vittorio Emanuele »), of Siena, is the square which has mostly preserved its medieval character. The City-Hall was built in 1293, and the little chapel opposite dates from 1348, after the great plague which killed, in Siena alone, 80,000 people.



TO THE
ANNALS

If one wants a picture of this active, noisy, restless life of the communes, and of the implacable hatred one citizen could bear another, of the conflicts arising among the Tuscan towns, — Pisa against Lucca, Florence against Arezzo and Pisa, — one has but to glance at Dante's immortal masterpiece *La Divina Commedia*.

DANTE expressed the whole spirit of his time. As the Guelph party predominated in Florence, his native town condemned him to banishment. He took to flight and led a roaming life. Exile was for him an unbearable torment, for the life in Milan, Verona, Ravenna where he took refuge, could mean nothing else but exile so long as Florence would not remit his banishment. In spite of this, he worshipped Florence, and hoped that the poem he was composing during his years of wandering, would one day open to him the gates of his beloved town, and that it would be given him before his death, to behold once more the beautiful church of St. John where he had been baptized.

And indeed, one day in the year 1316, Florence offered to open her gates and allow him to return to his native land, promising to give him back his estates, if only he acknowledged his guilt and begged for pardon. Dante replied: "One does not return to one's country by a road like that. If there is any other road which does not betray either the reputation or the honour of Dante, I will take it with alacrity; but if such a road does not lead to Florence, never shall I enter Florence again. What! Surely I can see the sun and the stars from everywhere. Shall I not, everywhere under the sky, be free to contemplate the sweetness of truth without sullyng my glory by recanting in the sight of the people and town of Florence?"

Proud answer and worthy of the man! It allowed Byron, in one of his poems, to make Dante say:

I have not vilely found nor basely sought;
They made an exile, not a slave of me.

Dante having refused to return to Florence by a road of shame, died in exile; his ashes still repose in Ravenna, this town having steadfastly refused to give back to Florence the remains of Italy's greatest poet. The grandeur of genius has not had the strength to break the little passions of a day.

And yet consider that *La Divina Commedia*, this masterpiece of Italian literature, was composed during the first years of the XIVth century, when, for all the other civilised peoples of Europe, thought, and its expression in language, were still in their infancy!

It is only fair to say that in Italy, where Thought had already ripened in the Middle Ages, the thinkers have always been persecuted, except during the period of the "Renaissance".

Dante but opens the list of the proscribed, and if you only knew what a long, long list it is! Poets, historians, artists, philosophers, scholars, most of them have tasted the bitterness of exile, and all have suffered implacable persecution. And, as exile has been the fate of all great Italians, let me give you here the heart-rending picture evoked by one of your most illustrious poets, BYRON, who in his *Prophecy of Dante* has vividly portrayed the manifold torments of the exile.

. to die

Is nothing; but to wither thus, to tame
My mind down from its own infinity,
To live in narrow ways with little men,
A common sight to every common eye;
A wanderer, while even wolves can find a den,
Ripped from all kindred, from all home, all things
That make communion sweet, and soften pain —
To feel me in the solitude of kings
Without the power that makes them bear a crown,
To envy every dove his nest and wings
Which waft him where the Apennine looks down
On Arno . . .

But let us come back to the intense life of the "comuni," (free towns). In spite of all their hatreds and jealousies, and little private struggles, these towns never ceased to work and to produce. They were veritable bee-hives incessantly at their task. Now we all know that work is the forerunner of well-being, and well-being, in its turn, brings about the taste for luxury; it is therefore easy to understand that the people of those days rapidly exchanged their simple life for a more complicated and luxurious one. The writers of chronicles and the moralists began to complain and wrote against this new spirit of corruption, as they termed it, recalling with regret the homely manners of by-gone days. This, however, is in the order of things; so it will always be.

"In those days the manners of the Italians were rude. A man and his wife ate off the same plate. There were no wooden-handled knives, nor more than one or two drinking-cups in a house. Candles of wax and tallow were unknown; a servant held a torch during supper. The clothes of men were of leather unlined; scarcely any silver or gold was seen on their dress. The common people ate flesh but three times a week, and kept their cold meat for supper. Many did not drink wine in summer. A small stock of corn seemed riches. The portions of women were small; their dress even after marriage was simple. The pride of men was to be well provided with arms and horses; that of the nobility to have lofty towers, of which all the cities in Italy were full.

"But now frugality has been changed for sumptuousness; everything exquisite is sought after in dress, gold, silver, pearls, silks and rich furs. Foreign wines and rich meats are required. Hence usury, rapine, tyranny."

The man, however, had changed also; it was a new man. He was rich, he was a party man, he was a merchant. Now, suppose this man to be richer than his neighbour, to put all his heart and soul into work for his party, to have, in the long experience of his trade, learnt to know men and how to use them or laugh at them, and suppose he has not alto-

gether forgotten how to handle a sword; this man has but to will it and he becomes a dominator. He becomes the "Signore," (The Ruler). In less than fifty years, each large town had a "Signore"; the commune died and from it sprang the "Signoria". Milan had the VISCONTI; Mantua, the GONZAGA; Bologna, the BENTIVOGLIO, and so on. In Naples and Sicily the House of Aragon ruled. Rome had the Popes. One town alone was powerful enough to maintain its independence, — Venice.

These Rulers were illustrious neither through their ancestors nor through their traditions. They were merchants, like COSIMO DE' MEDICI; or leaders of free lances, like FRANCESCO SFORZA; or even bastards, like MALATESTA. Pope PIUS II used to say: "It is not the right of birth that really produces the ruler, but the elevation of the spirit and the culture of the mind".

Having violently grasped power, it was only through violence they could maintain it. They mistrusted all who approached them, even their relations; they lived in constant dread of plots; they had to be cruel, and they were brutally so. A few of these rulers were good: Cosmo De' Medici was the friend of the lower classes, while LIONELLO D'ESTE, who was a munificent patron of learning, reduced the taxes and on one occasion distributed alms to the amount of 30,000 pounds. When FEDERICO DA MONTEFELTRO used to walk about his fair town of Urbino, the people would fall on their knees and call out: "May God preserve thee, good lord!",

These rulers surrounded themselves with artists, scholars, and poets. Visconti studied Petrarch's sonnets; LODOVICO IL MORO summoned Leonardo da Vinci to Milan. Their palaces were crammed with antique marbles, sculpture, precious missals and books, and it was their glory and pleasure to enrich their rooms with frescoes, bronzes, tapestries, collections of china, medals, vessels of gold and silver finely wrought.

But these men were something more than patrons of art and letters; they were also able politicians and doughty

warriors, and more than once these Rulers of Italy taught Europe some bitter lessons.

Pope SIXTUS IV, it is said, died of anger on hearing that peace was restored. ALEXANDER SFORZA would say to his soldiers: "Italy will never be without war „. Malatesta declared: "As long as I live, you will never have peace „. The English leader of free lances, Sir JOHN HAWKWOOD, when some monks brought him the wish: "May God grant thee peace „, replied: "Do you want God to cause me to die of hunger? I live on wars as you live on alms „.

Sometimes the Signori put themselves at the head of their armies, but oftener these were lead by the free lances, men of no birth who may have been swine-herds like CARMAGNOLA, or bakers like GATTAMELATA, — men accustomed to a rough life, sleeping on the ground, eating when they could and of whatever came first. They believed neither in God nor devil. They recruited their men from among bandits and the proscribed, and were always ready to hire themselves to the highest bidder. The only thing that brought the blush to their cheeks was to lose a battle.

But side by side with their thirst for warfare, the Signori developed a faculty for diplomacy. Instead of attacking one another with sword or spear, they had recourse to the baser weapons of intrigue. At first war and diplomacy went hand in hand, but by degrees the latter superseded the former. Rulers no longer believed the world to be guided by God, but to be a game in which passion and interest checkmated each other; some of them became masters of the political game, the Visconti, the Medicis, the House of Aragon. No event astonished them or took them unprepared; discreet, wary, with immobile features which never betrayed the workings of the brain within. The prince absorbed in himself all public life, all national conscience: he was all, the people were nothing. MACHIAVELLI named his treatise on the art of ruling wisely: "The Prince „.

It was in the XVIth century that Italy reached her highest development. Never did men taste more fully the joy and

beauty of the earth. The rich efflorescence of art, the re-discovery and passionate study of the mighty achievement of Greece, the intellectual curiosity that shrank from no problem however arduous and for whose plummet no depths were too profound, all this is what we mean by the word, *Renaissance*.

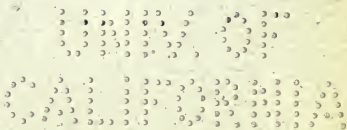
Painters no longer portrayed on cemetery walls "The Triumph of Death"; they sought to paint rather "The Triumph of Life". This century ignored sadness and sorrow; the graces of the body and of the mind had all its love. Feasts were many and splendid; the women's beauty was set off by the richness of their attire. There were no more dull clothes and stiff collars and caps, but rich brocades embroidered with flowers and animals, woven cloth of gold and silver, lustrous silks woven in harmonious colours and enriched by the wearing of precious jewellery, diaphanous lace-work, ropes of pearls, chains of gold, crowns of diamonds and rubies, bracelets set with emeralds and opals. BEATRICE SFORZA, in the course of two years, had 84 new dresses made for her, and ISABELLA D'ESTE ordered for one of her gowns 609 buttons in chased gold.

But the ladies of those days did not only care for rich and costly dress, they wished to be surrounded by things of beauty, and so it came about that even the humblest objects of domestic use were wrought with elegance and art: keys, tooth-picks, buttons, anything that gave the craftsman his opportunity, became a work of art. It became a frenzy: each house was embellished by fine tapestries, by cheerful pictures; each lord had the ambition to endow his palaces with objects of art and his native town with superb buildings. Sculptors, painters, engravers were set to work for them and for the greater glory of Italy. These masters of fine arts seem to have all been born at the same period. And it is most remarkable that Florence was the cradle of nearly all the Italian artists of the XVth and XVIth centuries.

These artists belonged to the people, and among the people they lived and worked: no glory of any kind, no riches, no



Piazza della Signoria, the most beautiful square of Florence, dates from 1386: it has been the scene for feasts and assemblies, for riots and executions. The **Palazzo Vecchio**, seat of the « Signoria », and residence of Cosmo I, is to-day the City-Hall. The **Loggia dei Lanzi** (the portico on the right) is filled with statues, among which are: « Perseus holding the Medusa's head », Benvenuto Cellini's masterpiece; and « Judith and Holofernes » by Donatello. Of special interest to-day is one statue representing a Germania vanquished.



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honours ever took them out of their own class in life. PAOLO UCCELLO was a barber's son; FILIPPO LIPPI's father was a butcher; the brothers POLLAIUOLO, as their name indicates, sprang from a poultry dealer. They could scarcely read and write. When eight years of age, they were brought to the workshop of a "master," and there they learnt a trade (*arte*). They began by running errands, sweeping the workshop, lighting the fire, pounding and mixing the colours. From apprentices they became companions, and only long afterwards did they rise to the dignity of masters. They worked at everything: church-bells, buttons, caskets, shrines. Painters did not despise adorning with their art banners and sign-boards, chests and boxes, chairbacks and bedposts.

The artisan thought but of his art. BRUNELLESCHI, having learnt that a beautiful antique had been found at Cortone, goes there on foot to see it. NANNI GROSSO, on his deathbed, refused to kiss the ugly crucifix that was handed to him, because he only cared to kiss one of the beautiful crucifixes made by Donatello. LUCA SIGNORELLI was so carried away by the beauties of the human body that, instead of crying over the corpse of his dead son, he set to work to paint it. Paolo Uccello spent his nights so deeply engrossed in his studies of drawing, that his wife's entreaties fell on deaf ears. DONATELLO kept his money in a basket hung on the wall, and anybody was welcome to take from it; PERUGINO slept in his studio; LUCA DELLA ROBBIA to keep his feet warm, used to put them in a basket full of shavings.

They all lived in their workshops with their apprentices; they drew, painted and carved from nature, women, children, flowers, animals. Their work was devoted to local and familiar things. If in palaces or churches they painted historical scenes or Bible stories, it was the women, the children, the ladies of their own town, their own public men whom they portrayed, disguised as kings and heroes, as warriors or Crusaders, as the Virgin and the Saints, as St. Peter or St. John; and the people, who flocked to see these masterpieces, recognized themselves on the canvass or in the fresco round which they

crowded with admiration. When CIMABUE had finished his Madonna, the people of his ward burst out in such joyfulness, that the ward itself was given the name of "Borgo Allegro". Long afterwards, when GHIRLANDAIO uncovered his choir frescoes in Santa Maria Novella, the whole of Florence applauded.

But for whom, do you think, did Cimabue, Perugino, Ghirlandaio and a hundred others compose their masterpieces? For no one more distinguished than the corporations and guilds of shoemakers, butchers, weavers, ironsmiths, clothiers and wool-merchants.

In order that Rome, the Pope's State, could exist, the Pope himself had to follow in the same path as all the other States of Italy. He had to have *bravos* in his pay, spies, soldiers, free-lances, who were frequently cardinals like the Vitelleschi, the Della Rovere, or the Borgias. The stronger and more fortified Rome became, the more did the Popes embellish her.

NICOLAS V rebuilt several churches, including St. John Lateran; on the Capitol he erected a splendid palace; he enlarged the bridge of Castel Sant'Angelo (in by-gone days the Mausoleum of Hadrian). He also restored the palace of the Vatican and endowed it with its famous Library and Belvedere.

PAUL II collected jewellery, coins, engraved stones. It was he who instituted the carnival at which pagan allegories and masquerades were enacted.

SIXTUS IV founded the Sixtine chapel, to adorn which he employed all the great fresco painters from Perugino down to Botticelli.

One of the greatest Popes of the Renaissance after LEO X, was JULIUS II. Both in art and politics, but especially in art, he conceived gigantic plans, and called to Rome the three most sublime artists of the Renaissance to execute them: MICHELANGELO, BRAMANTE, RAPHAEL. He commissioned Michelangelo to make him a tomb, which was to be twenty yards in height; width and breath. The proportions of this monument



MICHELANGELO

the greatest artist of the Renaissance. His creative mind as a sculptor, painter, architect, poet, is matched by the greatness of his soul and the austerity of his life.

were so extraordinary, that the basilica of St. Peter never could have contained it. Julius II was not dismayed by this; he merely decided to pull down the basilica founded by Constantine and build a larger one in its place. This daring plan pleased Bramante very much, and he at once set to work on the erection of this new basilica, which was completed and consecrated in the year 1626. All the greatest architects of Italy worked at it: Bramante, Giuliano da San Gallo from Florence, Raphael from Urbino, Baldassare Peruzzi from Siena, and Michelangelo who, bent down by age and pain, designed its dome.

The Vatican itself was modified at the same time. It was then that Michelangelo painted the ceiling of the Sistine chapel and that Raphael began the "Stanze". VASARI, the biographer of artists, tells us how Michelangelo having finished the statue of Julius II, whom he had represented with one hand lifted in act of blessing, or cursing, the sculptor asked the pontiff whether in the other hand he should put a book. — "Put a sword in it", was the answer he received, "I know naught of letters".

From the rich soil of the Renaissance there sprang not artists alone, but also men of letters and poets. Both in their kind were the favourites of princes, who were flattered by the presence at their courts of scholars such as MARSILIO FICINO, and of poets such as ANGELO POLIZIANO, ARIOSTO and, later on, TASSO.

The courts of Milan, Urbino, Ferrara, Florence, were most brilliant, especially this last, which reached its greatest splendour under LORENZO DE MEDICI, surnamed *il Magnifico* (the Magnificent). At his palaces and villas, ever thrown open to youth, beauty and learning, life sped in a round of feasting, song and revelry, glorified by the creations of genius and by lofty speculation on human destiny.

While the Western sky of Florence was mellow with light from the past, the East was stained with a new dawn: to the Greek sanity and sense of proportion, she added longings which Greece never knew. Those born within her gates and

those whom the noise of her fame had brought from afar, thanked God who had caused them to be born in that age, the greatest of all, as they thought, for Florence was then the chosen city, "the flower of Italy",.

But there came a holy man who cast over all this brightness the dark shadow of his cowl, — the monk SAVONAROLA, who dared refuse the "Magnifico," absolution on his death-bed.

Let me ask you to keep in mind, from out this wonderful Renaissance which for the third time in history made Italy the light of Europe, two figures: the Florentine monk with the crucifix; the Roman Pontiff with the drawn sword. That sword means foreign invasion; it means the introduction of the Hapsburg to the "garden of Europe"; Savonarola, — who for having directed men to a humble seeking unto God in spirituality of life, was hung, his body burnt and his ashes scattered in the Arno, — represents martyrdom for freedom of thought.

But how did it come to pass that this exuberant life in the domain of intellect and art, faded away so quickly and irretrievably? The answer is quite simple. This dazzling civilisation was entirely without any moral foundation: right dealing and thoughtfulness for the welfare and happiness of others was totally lacking.

GUICCIARDINI, a most scholarly historian, remarks also that people in those days had given themselves entirely up to idleness: an idleness of the mind and of the soul, that caused them to be utterly indifferent to whatever went on around them.

This may easily explain why the Italians fell into the hands of foreigners, and were kept for two centuries in servile bondage, first by the Spaniards, afterwards by the Hapsburgs; a most degrading bondage, for it meant political as well as spiritual servitude.

But before introducing you to this sad period of Italian history, let me relate one episode of which the Italians can be proud, and which will show you, at the same time,

how, at the distance of centuries, history has repeated itself.

In 1508 the Senate of Venice refused the right of passage through the mountains of the Cadore, to the army of the German Emperor who wanted to attack the French, in those days masters of Lombardy. Not dismayed by this, the Emperor gave order, as did the present Kaiser, to invade the country.

Alas! the poet's prayer:

Oh! when the strangers pass the Alps and Po,
Crush them, ye rocks! floods whelm them and for ever!

having remained unheard, it became Italy's doom to

. . . wither to each tyrants will.

The people of the Cadore, however, did not quietly acquiesce, but, like the Belgians of to-day, resolved to defend their independence. But they too were outnumbered by the Germans and were beaten, the citadel of Pieve falling into the enemy's hands. Still their surrender did not afford the Germans much advantage, because, headed by Titian's father, a few of Pieve's most noted citizens joined the Venetian troops and through difficulties untold, and narrow mountain paths familiar to them, brought them down on to the Germans who, taken by surprise, were entirely annihilated.

TITIAN himself, later on, made this battle scene of the Cadore into a most marvellous picture, which unhappily was destroyed in 1577 by a fire which broke out in the Doge's palace.

* * *

The tyrants followed one another in a level monotony; here again their memory is but a name. History lifelessly narrates Italy's passage from one domination to another: its provinces, put on the market like private estates, were bartered between Spain and Austria, and would go to Spain or come back to Austria as the result of some war, or after some marriage, or because of dynastic interests, or merely in the hope of establishing the European balance of power.

Whether the succession to the throne of Spain was at stake and a war was fought to that end, or whether the question of the crown of Poland was on the table; after years of famine, sieges, pillage and ruins, a treaty was arrived at by which the interests of all parties were settled, and which moreover gave the stronger of the two adversaries some region or other of Italy thrown in to balance his side of the account.

Each of these unfortunate passages meant a renewal of vexations, new taxes, and new links added to the chain of suffering borne by the people. A change of government, or the advent of a new viceroy would augment the country's misery, because the sole scope of each ruler was to enrich himself rapidly at the expense of his subjects. Any one reading the numerous descriptions of journeys through Italy during the XVIIth and XVIIIth centuries, both by known and unknown writers, will be struck by the unanimous testimony to the abased and pitiable condition of this people. This civil and moral stagnation was the canker at the heart of Italy. But like water-lilies on still lakes, so to the surface of this living death



The **Piazza San Pietro** is 320 meters in length and 182 meters wide. The Bernini colonnade is surmounted by 162 statues of Saints. In the centre of the Square stands the wonderful Obelisk brought to Rome by Caligula, which Sixtus V caused to be erected opposite the basilica. On each side are two graceful fountains.

there rose a few dauntless spirits whose names live for ever on the pages of universal history.

GIORDANO BRUNO (1600), the philosopher, who was accused of heresy and burnt alive in Rome; the great thinker CAMPANELLA (1568-1639) whom intolerance sealed alive in a dungeon; GALILEO GALILEI (1564-1642), the great astronomer, who in spite of his numerous discoveries was obliged to appear before the tribunal of the Inquisition and to seclude himself at Arcetri, where Milton went to see him, thus rendering homage to the genius denied by his own people.

One thing alone still survived and flourished in Italy: the fine arts. Without touching again the perfection of the Renaissance, painting can name some great masters: the CARACCI of Bologna with their principal disciples: DOMENICHINO, whose "Last communion of St. Jerome", you can admire in the Vatican; GUIDO RENI, whose picture of Phoebus-Appollo drawing the Sun's chariot and surrounded by the dancing Hours, you will see in the Rospigliosi palace at Rome.

At Naples, a school of nature painters was headed by CARAVAGGIO, RIBERA and "Lo SPAGNOLETTA", a school specially known for its dark colouring and the emaciation of its figures. Such a contrast to the pictures of TIEPOLO and LONGHI, whose canvasses of triumphant Venice are a dream of iridescent colours!

But Naples gave birth to one other daring artist, the creator of the barocco style: BERNINI, both architect and sculptor, to whom we owe the superb colonnade which surrounds the sunlit square of St. Peter, giving to the basilica itself a much-needed finish. The beauty of modern Rome has been greatly enhanced by the wonderful palaces and fountains designed by this master mind, worthy of the greatness of Imperial Rome. The Parliament of United Italy has found its seat in one of Bernini's palaces.

In the XVIIIth century music rose to such heights that all Europe resounded with Italian arias, oratorios, operas. And Italy not only provided the music, but the musicians as well. And such was the importance of this, that the

engagement of a primadonna or of a troop of artistes would give rise to diplomatic negotiations.

As if the whole country were invaded by the same spirit, musicians sprang up all over Italy and music was the order of the day, in churches, academies, theatres, orphanages and even on the high-ways.

Naples alone gave us SCARLATTI, JOMMELLI, PERGOLESI, PAISIELLO, CIMAROSA, and became the greatest academical centre for vocal music.

Then came Venice, with GALLUPPI, LOTTI, TARTINI; Venice where, in 1637, the first hall for music was inaugurated, Venice where music became a passion, for it was the cradle of pure melody. There Haendel and Gluck wrote their most exquisite operas, while young Mozart felt "intoxicated with harmony „.

Burney wrote: "The Italians, when they listen to music, "seem to be overwhelmed by pleasure, but it is as if this "pleasure was too great and could not be borne by mortal "mind „.

Operas serious and comic bloomed everywhere like spring-flowers, and charmed listeners, not only in their home-land but also in Paris and in Vienna. Music was everywhere. Songs in the streets and songs in the palaces, serenades under balconies, or on the still surface of a summer sea. Everybody sang: young boys with clear treble voices, old grandmothers with their shaking notes; sailors sang to the rhythm of their oars, while lovers eased their woe in ballads. One sang by day, one sang by night, the whole of life was set to a song; for there was much to bury in forgetfulness; the shames and miseries of bondage were mellowed by the sweetness of song; one suffered less

Because Italy, even in her deepest servitude, has been the permanent home of music, because her artists and singers were world-renowned, because to every Italian singing and playing is second nature, this has sometimes been explained as the result of a frivolous character; as though the Italians were only capable of singing. How false and how stupid!

First of all, Italy was not in a state of complete servitude ; there was *Venice* the free *Repubblica Serenissima*.

Secondly, as I shall prove to you later, Italy has untied her bonds with her own hands, and well deserves Byron's eloquent praise, which you should never forget:

" ... that man must be wilfully blind or ignorantly heedless
" who is not struck with the extraordinary *capabilities* of the
" Italians, the faculty of their acquisitions, the rapidity of
" their conceptions, the fire of their genius, their sense of
" beauty, and, amidst all the disadvantages of repeated
" revolutions, the desolations of battles and the despair of
" ages, their still unquenched longing after immortality — *the*
" *immortality of independence* „.

[Letter to John Hobhouse Esq., Venice, Jan. 2, 1818.]

* * *

Venice! the very name holds the imagination as with a spell, calling up, as by enchanter's wand, the calm beauty of the lagunes across which fall the soft cries of the gondoliers, and the glories of sunsets on the Canal Grande. Rose-coloured palaces with balconies and loggias like dainty lace-work, marble churches with gilded domes, — who can pass them without remembering the Queenship of Venice over the seas, when her galleys were manned by sailors who fiercely engaged sea-robbers and Turks, in order to bring back from the gorgeous East wares of price with which to enrich their Sea-Queen? And what schoolboy has not read the wonderful adventures of Marco Polo?

Venice was a child of the sea, her ear ever filled with the sound of that "mighty Being „, while her eyes rested on the

encircling crown of everlasting hills. How did she use this great heritage? Through patient years of toil she dominated the element till she became its mistress, and for centuries Venice remained the mystic bride of the sea. From the surrounding hills she took the marble and the stone to make for herself an habitation worthy of her glory. St. Mark was her chosen patron, and his name became her watch-word, while the symbol of the Evangelist (the lion) became the emblem on her banner.

To safeguard her existence she had to fight against barbarians and pirates of all races; with the Turk she contended ever single-handed. She resisted Pope and Emperor; she confronted European league against her (league of Cambrai). Thanks to her unshaken daring, her banner waved high over the walls of Athens and Constantinople. Her domain extended as far as the desert and the altitudes of Pamir. Mongols, Persians, Hindus, Arabs recognized no other money than that of Venice, and feared naught but her sailors who, wherever they went, never failed to conquer. In Titanic struggle she tore away Cyprus and Candia from the Turk. Her richest merchants could on occasions become heroes, like *Mocenigo* who fell together with the high mast of his galley, still grasping his banner; like *Bragadino*, who at Famagosta recited the "Miserere," while the Turks flayed him; like *Zeno* who received forty wounds in the service of Venice: the number of such men is legion.

Every year three thousand galleys, manned by 30,000 sailors, would leave the loved home ports of the lagoons, and steer a course for the East. When their return was expected, the watchman's cry would be heard from the summit of the Campanile, shooting aloft like a ship's mast, announcing their approach from the sea, and all the church bells would ring out joyfully, while the Doge, with his councillors, would solemnly descend the Giant's staircase, and the people would flock to the shore. Triumphantly the galleys would make their entry and discharge their treasures of gold, and ebony, lacquer and leather works; ostrich feathers, pearls and





The **Square of St. Mark** in Venice is entirely paved with marble and is surrounded on three sides by superb buildings which seem to form but one immense Palace. On the fourth side stands the church of St. Mark, of Byzantine style. This church has over 500 marble columns and the upper part of the walls, as well as the five gilded domes, are in mosaic with gold background. The « Campanile » is 99 meters in height.

damask cloth, tissues of woven gold, the traffic in which brought in yearly to Venice twelve million sequins.

More often than not, these galleys brought captured fleets in their wake, with lowered sails. On the mole were unloaded the war trophies and the conquered banners.

With these trophies Venice built her marvellous palaces, embellished her churches and her monuments, wrote her formidable history. To serve the State, to defend the State, to adorn the State, such was the task and the glory of each citizen's life, and because of that, because of that boundless devotion of her people, Venice remained free and strong and beautiful, during fourteen centuries. She could boast of men, and great men, in her service. Brave and dauntless spirits added page after page to her glorious history as the generations passed, — splendid deeds, whose record glowed on the canvasses of artists, born, as it seemed, to enhance the glory of Venice.

Venice was like a plant whose roots reached to the depths of the sea and whose branches threw out the fragrance of their bloom over the whole world. At the foot of this magic plant, the old lion of St. Mark rested peacefully.

But one day a youthful Corsican, — a veritable tiger, — suddenly flung himself at the throat of the lion wearied in age-long freedom and delivered him bound to the Austrian Eagle. And the Hapsburg bird of prey devoured the heart of the poor lion of St. Mark.

* * *

Napoleon First Consul, Napoleon Emperor, swept over Europe like a whirlwind!

In 1814 all the sovereigns of Europe whom Napoleon had chased from their thrones, before resuming their seats, ga-

thered together in Congress at Vienna and there joined with the plenipotentiaries of those States that had taken part in the war against Napoleon, in ceremonies, balls, jousts, shooting-parties, concerts, prepared in their honour by the Emperor Francis II and his faithful chancellor Prince Metternich, President of the Congress.

The Congress of Vienna decided that Italy was to be handed over to Austria. Austria gracefully accepted this decision and treated Italy as if she were a mere geographical expression, amplifying here, reducing there, cutting in at this point, parcelling out at that. She annexed all the territory between the Alps, the Ticino, the Po and the Adriatic; the valleys of the Valtelline, Bormio and Chiavenna; the Italian Tyrol, Trieste, Istria, and Dalmatia right beyond Ragusa.

But that was not all. The younger branches of the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine, Tuscany and Modena, entered once more into possession of their domains. The Empress Marie-Louise received Parma, Guastalla and Piacenza for the term of her life. Austria reserved for herself the right to maintain garrisons between the fortresses of Ferrara and Comacchio in the Papal States. So, for half a century (1820-1870), Europe knew peace: but at what price? At no less price than the subjugation of Italy, the cradle of a civilisation 2000 years old, the thralldom of a people who had given to the world law, religion, science and art.

The Italian people having been chopped up in portions suited to the appetites of its tyrants, fell in 1815 into the hands of FRANCIS II, who did what he would with it according to the dictates of his ferocious egoism and absolutist ideas. The police was the link between the Emperor and his people; Catholicism his strongest support. That monarch's chief amusement consisted in reading the reports of his police, and in a daily examination of the plan of the Spielberg fortress, the better to ill-use the Italian prisoners who pined within its terrible walls.

Francis did not trouble about difficulties arising from the ethnological and historic constitution of the Empire, a medley

of seven nationalities: German, Bohemian, Polish, Italian, Jugo-Slav, Magyar, Wallach. He evaded that difficulty by an expedient which he explained one day to the French ambassador in these very words: "My people are strangers to one another: so much the better. They do not take the same illnesses at the same time. In France, when fever comes, it takes you all on the same day. I put Hungarians in Italy, Italians in Hungary. They don't understand one another. Each keeps an eye upon his neighbour. They detest one another. From their antipathies order springs, and from their mutual hatred a general peace is generated „. As the Emperor confessed, the cohesion of the five kingdoms forming the Empire lay in the stirring up of those national hatreds.

On the death of this tyrant (1835) whose reign was worthy of the palmiest days of persecution, the Italians dared not hope for any softening on Austria's part towards them, for the proceedings of the Congress of Vienna had not, alas, been written on the sands, and Francis II enjoined upon his son, Ferdinand IV, to change nothing and to repose full confidence in prince Metternich, his best friend and most faithful servant. And this latter, in fact, held the regency until the abdication of Ferdinand IV (Dec. 2nd, 1848) in favour of his nephew Francis Joseph who, the day before, on completing his eighteenth year, had been declared to be of age. At an age when one looks for youthful enthusiasms and generous mistakes, FRANCIS JOSEPH remained rooted to the principle of despotic reaction.

The young sovereign concentrated all his energies upon Italy, where he installed a "Reign of Terror „ which was to last for ten years (1849-1859). It is impossible to embrace in one glance or to sum up in a few pages, the extent and the complex nature of the severity employed for sending the Italians to sleep, or to describe the sufferings of this people, whose path towards nationhood was as that to Golgotha. Austria outstripped the Inquisition in ferocity, and rivalled the Musulmans in her incendiary and

criminal violence at Milan, Brescia, Ferrara, Perugia, Bologna and Rome; everywhere, in short, where her Croats, her "sbirri", her inquisitors and her marshals encamped and enriched themselves. And that Terror struck down not only 4.000.000 of Austrian subjects, strictly speaking; but 1.200.000 Tuscans, 800.000 inhabitants of Modena, Reggio, Parma, Piacenza and Guastalla, the 2.000.000 papal subjects, and the 6.000.000 souls who made up the kingdom of the two Sicilies: a total of 13.000.000 Italians, whom their princes, in the capacity of accomplices and tributaries of Austria, held in a hateful yoke.

For the despots of central Italy, Neros in miniature, would not have embrued their hands with such persistent effrontery, in assassination and pillage, had they not been backed by Austria, the arbiter of Europe. The Bourbons of Naples were kept in leading strings by Vienna, who supplied them with Arch-Duchesses and with words of council that were commands. As for the Pope, he had recourse to a monstrous expedient: not only did he have Romagna put under military occupation for the space of twelve years, but he put in the hands of the military authorities the judicial machinery which controlled the peace and security of individuals and families alike. The political doctrine of the Hapsburgs became the gospel both of the petty kings and the big despots of Italy: each of them could say of his kingdom: "Here there is but a king to command, a nobility to govern and a mob to obey".

The reactionary principles in Italy may be summed up in this formula: *Thinking is forbidden*. Violent reaction regarded the faculty of thought as a piece of shameless immorality, a capital crime. The subject who dared to think was guilty of "lèse-majesté".

A blind, implacable, unremitting persecution broke upon all those who could scarcely read or write, and descended with special fury upon artists, actors and men of letters. The painters, accordingly, sought shelter in religious subjects, the sculptors in decorative work, the men of letters in a crabbed

and sterile erudition; and the actors, who started the evening on the stage, completed it, oftentimes, in the police station. Every sheet of paper which was printed, whether in the form of news-paper, brochure or volume, had to pass before the eyes of two censors, of whom, one was in the service of the Church, the other in that of the police. The latter suppressed every phrase derogatory to society, the former excised anything that cast a slur on "religion"; their double pair of scissors reduced the work to shreds, for to ignorance they added stupidity.

It is needless to add that no instruction whatever was given to the mass of the people. Ignorance, with the misery and superstition which it engenders, are the three levers of absolute governments. In this particular case they were made to serve a double purpose. They were adopted not only to hold the people in bondage, but also to train them to hate the middle class. The middle class, whose innermost thoughts were to be scented out, had to endure on the one hand the deliberate despotism of the nobility, on the other the blind despotism of the mob. The towns were choked with beggars, the country beset by brigands; beggary and brigandage which were tolerated by the State, inasmuch as for certain governments some social illnesses are more profitable than good health. To render instruction sterile by maintaining a rigid control over the schools, was one part of the reactionary system which stretched its tentacles even over commerce. At all costs it had to be prevented following in the wake of England and France, where mercantile activity and scientific invention gave a prodigious impetus to commerce and industry, and thereby to international relations. That impetus was a mote in the eyes of Italy's despots, for it revolutionized manners. New needs and luxurious habits elbowed out the modest style of housekeeping; the feverish thirst for gain put the traditional life out of gear, and threatened to kill routine, and transform stay-at-home subjects into travellers. Now, to travel means to see, to compare, to learn and to judge. All conceivable means were employed

to dispel this new peril. Refusal to give passports to cross the frontier of each separate State in Italy, and of passports for abroad; prohibition to send anything to the Paris exhibition of 1855; strenuous and perpetual opposition to the construction of railroads and to the installation of the telegraph; such were the more important measures. And when it came to details, what a host of obstacles, and needless vexation! To build a factory, or works of any kind, was impossible without a special permit from the government; but even with the permit, the formalities, time specifications, reservations and restrictions were so numerous that the manufacturer, four times out of five, abandoned all idea of doing anything. Sometimes the permission included some strange clause, such as that enjoined upon the Marquis Patrizi, to have masses said for the salvation of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood in which his two mills were to be erected. In order to kill commerce and industry, Austria, the Pope and the Bourbons put excessive duties on all commodities and manufactures. The custom-house reared itself like a fortress against free trade; that free trade which, according to the definition of a Cardinal, was a twin error of Jansenism, as fatal to the health of nations as Jansenism was to their spiritual salvation. Under the captious pretext of protecting the small local industries from foreign competition, and the artisan from the claws of the plutocrat, the import duties were in reality a fresh economic hindrance, and one shackle the more on the spirit of initiative.

With the exception of Ferdinand IV of Florence (Hapsburg-Lorraine), who was too soft to make a despot, yet too feeble to break altogether away from tutelage, all the other princes were ferocious tyrants.

FERDINAND II OF NAPLES (1830-1859) followed out to the letter the program which Canosa had traced for him. It makes one shudder to think of it. "Prince, return to your old way of living. If you only wish to condemn a few people, at least condemn them without delay or pity; you have already vainly experimented with tolerance: begin now to experi-

"ment with blood... Your prime minister should be the executioner. God, Father of compassion, created a hell for the punishment of sin; follow His divine example. Do not hesitate about the choice of penalties: a hand for a hand, an eye for an eye, a life for a life. One of the foremost causes of the world's overthrow, is the excessive spread of learning and this excessive itching for letters with which even fishmongers and stable-boys are affected. In this world we can dispense with learned men and persons who pore over books; what we want are cobblers, tailors, smiths, labourers, artisans of all kinds: a great mass, in fine, of honest, law-abiding folk, who are quite content to believe as they are told, and to let the world turn on its own axis „.

FRANCIS IV of Modena was simply cruel. Hypocrisy towards his unhappy subjects, servility towards Austria, such was his method. The Hangman was his best friend. But of all the Italian monarchs subject to the Hapsburg, none has been more servile than the Pontiffs: PIUS VII, LEO XII, GREGORY XVI and PIUS IX.

One day, however, Pius IX granted his people a town-guard and a constitution. This gave rise to a boundless enthusiasm, which reached its zenith in 1848. Such a delirium astonished Metternich so much that he confessed he could have foreseen anything but a liberal Pope.

The first military success of the Piedmontese army at Goito and Peschiera served to swell the flood of frenzy. But after the defeat of Custozza (1848), that flood began to turn, and after Novara (1849), it quickly ebbed away. Pius IX became a reactionary more pitiless than Ferdinand II or Francis IV. Of all the perjured, he was the most cowardly, considering the religious principles he represented. In the space of one year, 1644 persons were put to death for political offences, while the rest of the Pope's subjects had naught to do but to weep over their exploded hallucinations. Drained by taxes, they were handed over to the tender mercies of custom-house officers, to the Holy Office and to the Austrian military tribunals. The all-puissant Jesuits and

the clergy, restored to their privileges and monopolies, helped this blind reaction with might and main. The prisons were overflowing, the bastonado was beatified; the misery was awful. Like those mysterious societies of the middle ages against which open and armed society was powerless, the ecclesiastical society exercised its occult and intricate power mainly through women and children, old men and timorous souls. And upon this people, ruined, enervated and dumb, Pius IX stamped the marks of his bloody stigmata right up to 1870, the year of Redemption.

In the light of this, can you find that Gladstone's declaration in the House of Commons (March 7th, 1861) is exaggerated? "To my mind, all the doctrine on which papal sovereignty has based itself during these last years is so intolerable, that the Roman, that the Italian who were to subject himself to it, would be but a worm worthy only to be crushed „.

As for the Emperor, he lent a willing hand to the Pope: his *sbirri* (police spies) were always hard at work in the papal States. Byron, during his stay there, more than once witnessed the indignities of such a cruel and arbitrary system. On Nov. 23rd 1820, he wrote to his editor John Murray: "...I think the Huns (Austrians) damned scoundrels and barbarians, and their Emperor a fool, and themselves more fools than he. They have got themselves masters of the papal police and are bullying away, but some day or other they will pay for all: I suppose that Providence will get tired of them at last! „.

England possesses a precious document of the criminal injustice committed by the Bourbons (of Spain), to whom the Congress of Vienna had handed over the whole of Southern Italy and Sicily, that they might govern it as best pleased their absolutist ideas. We owe this historical document to the pen of W. E. GLADSTONE who, in two letters addressed to Lord Aberdeen, set out the monstrous things of which he had been an eye-witness in Naples, in 1850. Here

are a few passages from these letters, and they speak for themselves.

" ... In utter defiance of this law, the Government of which
" the Prefect of Police is an important member, through the
" agents of that department, watches and dogs the people,
" pays domiciliary visits, very commonly at night, ransacks
" houses, seizing papers and effects and tearing up floors at
" pleasure under the pretence of searching for arms, and im-
" prisons men by the score, by the hundred, by the thousands,
" without any warrant whatever, sometimes without even a
" written authority at all, or anything beyond the word of
" a policeman; constantly without any statement whatever of
" the nature of the offence.

" Nor is this last fact wonderful. Men are arrested not be-
" cause they have committed, or are believed to have com-
" mitted any offence, but because they are persons whom
" it is thought convenient to confine and to get rid of, and
" against whom, therefore, some charge must be found or
" fabricated „.

" ... For months, or for a year, or for two years or three,
" as the case may be, these prisoners are detained before their
" trials; but very generally for longer terms. I do not happen
" to have heard of any one tried at Naples on a political
" charge, in these last times, with less than 16 or 18 months
" of previous imprisonment. I have seen men still waiting,
" who have been confined for 26 months; and this confine-
" ment, as I have said, began by an act, not of law, but of
" force in defiance of law „.

" ... Their chains (1) were as follows. Each man wears a

(1) Gladstone speaks of the chains of CARLO POERIO, one of the King's ministers during the time of the Constitution, a man of rare merit and unshakeable loyalty. When the perjured King withdrew the Constitution, he ordered the police to seize the deputies and the members of the Government. Carlo Poerio, and many others with him, paid with the torture of a long imprisonment their « crime » of having believed the King's word and of having loved liberty.

“strong leather girth round him above the hips. To this are
“secured the upper ends of two chains. One chain of four
“long and heavy links descends to a kind of double ring
“fixed round the ankle. The second chain consists of eight
“links, each of the same length with the four, and this unites
“the two prisoners together, so that they can stand not more
“than six feet apart. Neither of these chains is ever undone
“day or night „

“... The trousers worn by the prisoners button all the way
“up, that they may be removed at night without disturbing
“the chains. The weight of these chains, I understand, is
“about eight rotoli, or between sixteen and eighteen English
“pounds for the shorter one, which must be doubled when
“we give each prisoner his half of the longer one. The pri-
“soners had a heavy limping movement, much as if one
“leg had been shorter than the other; but the refinement of
“suffering in this case arises from the circumstance that here
“we have men of education and high feeling chained inces-
“santly together. For no purpose are these chains undone;
“and the meaning of these last words must be well consi-
“dered; they are to be taken strictly „

“... I had seen POERIO in December, during his trial; but I
“should not have known him at Nisida. He did not expect
“his own health to stand, although God, he said, had given him
“strength to endure.

“It was suggested to him from an authoritative quarter, that
“his mother, of whom he was the only prop, might be sent
“to the King to implore his pardon, or that he might himself
“apply for it. He steadily refused.

“... It is time that either the veil should be lifted from
“scenes fitter for hell than earth, or some considerable mi-
“tigation should be voluntarily adopted. I have undertaken
“this wearisome and painful task, in the hope of doing
“something to diminish a mass of human suffering as huge,
“I believe, and as acute, to say the least, as any that the
“eye of Heaven beholds „

Later on I will give you some extracts from the “Memoirs „

of some of our most illustrious political prisoners, but let me first give you a slight example of police interference. One day, at Mondovì, a prisoner desired to be shaved. The provincial governor granted permission in the following terms: "The prisoner is to have his hands, arms and legs bound to a chair. Two sentinels are to be placed, one on his right hand, one on his left, and behind him is to stand a soldier with drawn sword. In front of him are to stand the commandant and the major of the fortress on one side, his aide-de-camp on the other. In this attitude the prisoner may be shaved at his ease."

* * *

But you will naturally ask: How is it that the Italians have been able to raise themselves out of this terrible and abject state, a state lower than that to which any other civilized people have sunk?

It is because they, — hated, impoverished, muzzled, down-trodden, — hoped against hope, and fired by hope fought for their Redemption. They fought with three weapons: the pen, the sword, and the chain. Whether on the battlefield or on the scaffold, whether exiled or thrown in prison, for nearly a century the Italians have held high the torch of a great Ideal: an Ideal of Justice, from whence came true Liberty, which finished by triumphing over Brute Force.

Historians, poets, writers, dramatists, used their talent in the cause of independence, and secretly composed works in which vibrated their sorrows and their dreams.

A writer, who had several times been in prison, D. GUERAZZI, wrote to one of his friends in France:

"In free countries and in those very calm reigns, you have the good fortune and the right to cultivate art for art's sake:

" with us, to do so would spell weakness and apathy. To write
" leisurely and coldly of our times in this country of ours,
" with the deliberate object of creating a masterpiece, would
" be almost impious. When I compose a book, my one thought
" is to devote my whole mind to communicating my ideas or
" my beliefs. I start upon my story to draw the crowd; when
" I feel it is under the spell, I tell it what I have to tell;
" when I think the lesson is straining its attention, I resume
" the story, and every time that I get a chance of inter-
" rupting it, I revert to my moralising. A detestable method
" artistically speaking, I grant you; my siege-works will be
" destroyed when the war is over, I have never had any
" doubt on that score, but what do I care? Let my work
" pass over like a storm, if only it has hurled a thunderbolt
" at the wicked, shaken the cowards, and cleared the air „.

The writers used to send their manuscripts to Lugano, Bastia, Brussels and Paris, whence they were smuggled back printed into Italy. Several of them shared exile with their works, which afterwards were to return without them to their native land. Others had recourse to clandestine printing-presses. Hundreds of works were printed in cellars unknown to the police. It had also become customary to employ a ruse: the pamphlets were published under pious titles such as: " The Pierced Heart of our Lord Jesus Christ „, which contained a protestation against king Ferdinand of Naples. Or, on some outer cover was to be read this title: " The Immaculate Conception of the Holy Virgin „; when the book was opened, it was nothing less than the " Words of a Believer „, which had been condemned by a special pontifical bull.

Many writers of this period were condemned to jail: such as SILVIO PELLICO, whose name has crossed the Alps and stirred the hearts of humanity with the pathetic story of his Spielberg days; D. Guerrazzi, whose incendiary novels fired the Italians against their despotic masters; SETTEMBRINI, whose *Memoirs* we shall discuss later on, and others.

But exile was to be the fate of most of the patriot writers

of those days! The poet FOSCOLO died an exile in London; CONFALONIERI, in Switzerland; GIOBERTI died in Paris like his friend MANIN; MAZZINI knew no other life than that of the exile.

The venerable PIETRO COLLETTA, who wrote the tragic history of Naples under the Bourbons, was on his deathbed when the police invaded his room and gave him the order to leave the country. "Give me just one hour more, and I shall have started for an exile from whence I shall trouble the police of this world no more „.

Our great exiles have been the melancholy pilgrims of France, Switzerland, Holland and England, preserving during their exile their purity intact, gaining their bread, — and nothing else, — with copying or teaching. How one pictures these outlaws living in the suburbs of the capitals, climbing down from their attics, or leaving their squalid lodgings to be swallowed up by the fog which shrouded the deserted river banks. Their age was anything from twenty to sixty: they felt horribly poor and lonely, but they preserved the pride which goes with great misfortunes, and the dignity of honest poverty, thus being worthy descendants of Dante.

* * *

But the Italians tried to break their chains also by means of the sword. What a daring enterprise this was, can only be understood when one bears in mind that, the Piedmontese excepted, they possessed neither a regular army nor even weapons!

As for the Piedmontese, they were indeed gallant soldiers, well trained and daring, having had to wage war more than

once. Surrounded, blockaded and lacerated, they had fought against Spain, against France, against Geneva, against Austria and against the League. Never were they free from surprises, *coups de main*, alarms, ambushades and barricades. With weapons furbished, muskets levelled, for ever stalking his foes, this people, as each spring came round, watched the defiles of his Alps which the enemy, drunk with lust for the green plains extending farther than the eye can see to the blue ocean, was about to try and force. Turin was the citadel of that people, warlike by necessity, brave by instinct; and the house of Savoy, the oldest ruling family in Europe, had given him dukes and kings.

In 1793, the French army, flushed with constant victories, had been forced to retreat before the martial fury of the grenadiers of Savoy who never surrendered.

In 1800, General Macdonald's army was staggered by the wonders worked by the sappers who, to make a road for themselves, cut through blocks of ice as hard as granite, and passed with their mules loaded with munitions over razor-edged ridges overhanging the abyss.

In the morning of May 30th 1848, King Charles Albert had collected reinforcements in the plains of Goito. The struggle was desperate. We have an account of the 'mêlée' from the pen of an eye-witness, the duke Dino de Talleyrand.

" Mounted on a vicious brute, I cantered over the battle-
" field. At every report, my horse reared up, and I wondered
" what anyone who saw me and my horse must have thought.
" Happily, there were more important matters to engage the
" attention than a private individual flung by curiosity into
" the thick of a stirring battle scene. I addressed myself to a
" quartermaster, — a Savoyard. He told me that the Aus-
" trians had turned up unexpectedly. ' You see', he added,
" ' even if we were surprised, we are not giving them a bad
" welcome '. — ' True, my dear man, but can you tell me
" where the King is ? ' — ' Nothing easier. Do you see that
" tall, thin, pale man, in a General's uniform to the right of



The Charge of Pastrengo.

"that battery?" — "Do you mean the one on that fine black horse?" — "Yes, that's the king, that's CHARLES ALBERT".

"That very minute a shell fell at his horse's feet and exploded. I saw Charles Albert rein in the animal and smile at his staff as he hastily raised his hand to his ear, which a piece of shell had hit.

"... Now I had seen the King, I wanted to see the Duke of Savoy. As I was starting off to find him, I met the Austrians pursuing a Piedmontese regiment. The Imperial troops were fighting well. At that moment, to my right there passed at the gallop a young General spurring his Arab horse, its breast covered with blood and foam. That General, who wore a fierce moustache, waved his sword as he darted towards a regiment of guards. — 'Follow me, guards, for the honour of the House of Savoy' he cried. A mighty shout met that generous appeal. The Imperialists halted; retreated, and reinforced, charged again. The guard made a supreme effort, galvanized by the young General who appeared, disappeared, galloped up again, passed in and out of the ranks, in the midst of the fire and smoke, glued to his saddle, though he had a bullet in the thigh. I accosted a wounded officer. — 'Who is that General, Sir?' — 'The Duke of Savoy' „.

The Imperialists held the formidable positions of Cavriana, Solferino and San Martino. The Austrian Marshal Benedeck directed their fire. All day long the Piedmontese had spent their strength in fruitless assaults.

Six times in succession the troops had scaled the heights, scrambling under fire over walls, hedges and palisades, but at each attempt fresh columns of Austrians aided by guns had driven them back. Towards 5 o'clock on that memorable 24th of June, a storm burst unexpectedly upon the deadly fray. Streaks of lightning rent the clouds, and the hail lashed the earth, as it filled the ditches, converted the paths into ravines, and tore up the bushes.

An hour afterwards the sky once more cleared. Then the

drenched masses, who had lain down flat the better to keep their guns and cartridges dry, rose to their feet again.

To set things going, the King placed himself one pace in advance and turning to his soldiers said to them, — alluding to the Piedmontese custom whereby all house-removals take place on St. Martin's day: — "Now, my children, let us take St. Martin, or the Tedeschi (Austrians) will be moving in before us „ — Thereupon they dashed forwards with irresistible *élan*. On all sides there was a resumption of hand to hand fighting as they sprang at one another like wild beasts at bay, grappling, biting and strangling each other the while, in that atrocious tussle. Shrieks of distress, dying groans, cheers, oaths, mingled in the scorched-up air. The victory was theirs. Gradually the deafening din of the guns died away and over the fields of Lombardy, so long harvested by the greedy tyrants, stole the peaceful night. Amid the ensanguined crops the dead lay happy, for the living were free at last. It was at St. Martino that Victor Emanuel added the first jewel to the ancestral crown.

It is now time to speak of VICTOR EMANUEL. To begin with, he was the bravest of his soldiers. At Goito he decided the victory; at Novara, rolled back defeat; at Palestro, in front of the 'bersaglieri', as he stood in the midst of the zouaves, when admonished by Colonel Chambron to leave the 'mêlée', he answered: "Here, there is glory enough and to spare for all „ — "But what about the danger for yourself?" replied the Colonel. — "In peril my place is among my men: to-day you belong to me „ — "Oh, this devil of a King!" cried the zouaves.

After the victory, dog-tired, the king had gone to sleep in a small house adjacent to a farm. They woke him up. Hastily flinging on a few clothes, he found himself surrounded by his faithful comrades in arms, privates and corporals. An officer presented him with the stripes of a corporal of the zouaves. "And you may well be proud, Sire „, added someone, "for you were elected unanimously „. From that day until 1878, among the IIIrd Zouaves, at the evening roll,

they use to call: " corporal Victor Emanuel of Savoy „ to which the sergeant made answer: " Absent, on the throne " of Italy „.

On the very eve of the defeat of Novara, on the abdication of his father, Charles Albert, the young King decided upon his course of conduct: — respect for the Constitution. And to that he always adhered.

" I have no taste for the trade of King, always a painful and difficult one. But there is always a definite line of conduct to be pursued, and one must not be afraid of confessing it „.

" I know the conditions of my country perfectly and I can foresee the future of Europe. We shall have to face some appalling crises, but I fear nothing. I came into the world when a storm was raging, that is why a storm exhilarates me. I am a tough subject „.

Whilst bent under the yoke of the Hapsburg, all the Kings of Italy played fast and loose with the Constitution, whilst they put Italy to the torture in a Procrustean bed, the young King acted differently. Though Metternich might threaten, Radetsky cajole, and the Imperial Army invade his country; though conservatives, clericals and the aristocracy with whom Piedmont was packed, might storm and sulk, the young King, in the homely voice of the honest trooper, thus declared himself: " I shall maintain the Constitution: I shall cling to the tricolour flag, symbol of Italian nationality, vanquished though it be to-day. One day it shall surely triumph: and " to that end I will give myself, heart and hand „.

After Napoleon's " coup d'état „, reaction was rampant everywhere. The King of Prussia, in conjunction with Francis Joseph, ordered his ambassador at Turin to force upon the King the abolition of constitutional liberty. Victor Emanuel bounded under the insult. He declared: " I shall be true to my word. Rather than be guilty of such a dastardly act of cowardice, we will migrate in a body to America „.

On another occasion he remarked to a deputy: " I have " deceived no one, nor shall I ever do so. Loyalty before all,

“ and in spite of all. That is the path I mean to follow, even
“ if I have to become plain ‘Monsieur de Savoie’ with an
“ invalid wife and five children „.

After Orsini’s attempt against Napoleon III (Jan. 14th 1858), the diplomatic relations between the two courts were very near breaking point. Napoleon claimed that Piedmont should adopt a more repressive policy against its republican and revolutionary elements. Though Victor Emanuel hoped for and counted upon the future help of Napoleon, he had no hesitation in addressing him thus:

“ If the Emperor expects me to use violence in Piedmont,
“ inform him please that in so doing I should lose my power,
“ and he the sympathy of a generous nation. Never have I
“ tolerated tyranny on the part of any man. I am the mirror
“ of honour, and to God and my people only will I answer
“ in the matter of that honour. For 850 years have we held
“ our heads high: no one can make me lower mine... This
“ said, I wish to be friends with you „.

And friends they became. In 1859 they put themselves at the head of their troops with the object of uniting Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic. The victories of Montebello, Solferino, Palestro and San Martino are familiar facts, and few are unaware that the treaty of Villafranca, signed by Napoleon III and Francis Joseph on the 12th July 1859, brought to a sudden close the brilliant operation of the French and Sardinian army.

But, whilst public opinion demanded the continuation of the war, Napoleon exerted himself to form a hybrid Confederation, with the Pope as honorary president, Austria at Florence, the Bourbons at Parma and Modena, the Bourbons at Naples and in Sicily, and Venice under Austria. He hoped to baptize that monster at a European Congress. Victor Emanuel made his meaning clear in the following words:

“ If your Majesty is bound by treaties, I for my part am
“ bound by honour, by duty, and by justice to my house,
“ to my people and to Italy. My lot is identical with that of
“ the people of Italy. We may fall, but never shall we stoop

“ to play the traitor. Solferinos and San Martinos may on
“ occasion redeem the Novaras and the Waterloos, but the
“ apostasies of princes are irreparable for all time.

“ I am touched to the very depths of my soul by the con-
“ fidence and the love shown me by this noble and unhappy
“ people. Sooner than betray it, I prefer to break my sword
“ and, like my august Father, to cast away my crown. Time
“ and the sword have carried my House from the Alps to
“ the borders of the Mincio: those two tutelary angels will,
“ in God’s good time, bear it further still „.

The provinces of central Italy insisted upon their annexation to Piedmont; but Austria, in concert with the Pope and the King of Naples, was for contriving a war with Piedmont to pay the piper. To win over France to our plans, the cession of Nice and Savoy which had been promised to Napoleon, was decided upon. So great was the sacrifice that the Prime Minister Rattazzi resigned, but Cavour, convinced of its necessity, procured his recall by the King, with whom he had quarrelled over the peace of Villafranca. It was with a heavy heart that Victor Emanuel found himself obliged to cede Savoy to Napoleon. But, thinking of his daughter, the young princess Clothilde whom he had married in 1859 to the Emperor’s cousin Napoléon-Jérôme, son of the ex-king of Westphalia, he sought consolation in this reflection: “ I gave him my daughter, I can well make him a present
“ of my cradle „.

Garibaldi charged General Türr to ascertain from the King if the decision to cede Nice to France was irrevocably fixed ...
“ Yes, but tell the General that Savoy also passes to France.
“ If I am resigned to the abandonment of the land of my
“ ancestors, he surely must put up with the loss of the city
“ where he only was born. The cruel fate that has overtaken
“ both of us consists in this, that we have to make the greatest
“ sacrifice conceivable, for Italy’s sake „.

The plebiscites in Tuscany and central Italy took place on the 12th March 1860: the result was unanimity. On the 2nd April, Victor Emanuel, at whom Pius IX launched a second

bull of excommunication, opened the first Italian Parliament at Turin. Faithful always to his oath of loyalty, he pronounced these words among others: " In setting to work, let us not " lose sight of the services rendered to the common cause " by our predecessors in office, nor the fact that all sincere " convictions make together for the happiness of the people " and the prosperity of the motherland: which is no longer " Italy of the Romans, nor of the Middle Ages, nor a happy " hunting ground for every foreigner who shows himself, — " but ITALY of the *Italians* „.

A year later, on the 14th March, on the completion of the conquest of Sicily and Southern Italy, the two Chambers conferred upon Victor Emanuel the title of " King of Italy, by the grace of God and will of the nation „. A few days afterwards, the same Parliament, through the voice of Cavour, proclaimed the right of Italy to make Rome her capital.

Cavour's death was a cruel loss for Victor Emanuel. Minds of that capacity are not easily replaced. He remained alone at the wheel. Beset by the greatest difficulties, in the troubled days of 1866, never for one single instant did the idea of renouncing the stupendous ambitions of Cavour cross the mind of the King. What! act in an underhand way? That meant treason. Leave to his heir the task of entering Rome? That were to play the cheat.

And he made his entry into Rome, the better to deserve the title of *Re Galantuomo* which the new-born nation awarded him. In so doing, she set an imperishable aureole around his Kingly brow. Now, the " Father of the Country „ lies in the Pantheon, in the very heart of Rome.

We cannot count him wholly dead, seeing that he has bequeathed to his descendants an unshakeable loyalty and a generosity without a flaw. To this heritage, HUMBERT I added his native and inspired goodness. From his grandfather our present King inherits his bravery and his simple tastes.

For, while still young, the son of Charles Albert, casting off the deadening rules of a strict court etiquette, loved to assume the dress of a country gentleman. Wrapped in a



The « Father of the Country » Victor Emanuel II rests together with his son Humbert, in the **Pantheon**, the only edifice of Imperial Rome which is fully preserved. The portico comprises 16 granite columns; the doors are of bronze. Several artists are buried there, Raphael among them.

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cloak, he mixed with the crowd and with the groups that assembled in front of the town-hall or in the castle square. By keeping his ears open he contrived to get an idea of the aspirations of the public, as he joined in the chorus of applause which greeted their mention. Etiquette was for him paramount to slavery. He spent his summer months at Racconigi or Pollenza. His greatest pleasure lay in shooting on the mountain side, dressed like a musketeer of old.

After a good day's sport, when he had shared a frugal repast with some goat-herd whom he had come across on the heights, he would press upon him his well-stocked game bag. The mountaineers worshipped their warlike King, with his simple habits, his velvet jacket, his wide-awake hat, gun on shoulder, dog at heel and pockets stuffed with cigars. Generous to a degree, his civil list of four million francs was spent in life annuities and in acts of private charity.

At the side of Victor Emanuel let me put CAVOUR. Camillo Benso, Conte di Cavour (1810-1861), had risen to popularity by a very careful and diligent preparation. But he had at the same time schooled himself for disillusionment. "If I have to give up all my boyhood's friends, or see my greatest intimates transformed into my bitterest enemies, I shall not fail in my duty: never will I abandon the principles of liberty to which I have consecrated my career and to which I have been faithful all my life „.

His power grew steadily, his party increased rapidly recruiting new members every day, until it absorbed the whole State, so justifying a witty man's definition: "We have a Government, a Chamber, a Constitution; and they all answer to the name of Cavour „.

In 1852, the King, on the advice of D'AZEGLIO, who had decided to retire, sent for Cavour and entrusted him with the task of forming a cabinet, of which he was President with the temporary administration of the finances. His first years of office were consecrated exclusively to internal reforms: to developing the country; reforming public morals; increasing the budget; intensifying the principal productions;

re-organising the army; fortifying the towns and coasts; extending the network of railroads; creating an entirely new merchant service; negotiating sound commercial treaties with France and England. In his dealings with the Senate, which its servitude to the Church had rendered refractory and hostile, Cavour displayed such tact and versatility and such untiring patience as to win over his proudest enemies. These same qualities, with prudence thrown in, directed his relations with the foreign press.

To cope with his gigantic task, Cavour rose at four and worked at despatches, circulars, documents for the press, and correspondence, until ten o'clock, when he breakfasted on two eggs and a cup of tea. Immediately afterwards he went round to the offices of his Ministries with a quick step, and a face, framed by his fair beard, that beamed through his spectacles at the passers by, who greeted him with respectful familiarity. At the Ministries he made the round of the different departments, read the despatches, glanced at the papers, received colleagues, deputies, solicitors and bores. From there he would go to see the King, preside over the Council, and then to the Senate or to the House of Deputies. At six o'clock, after a visit to his niece, the countess Alfieri, to whom he was greatly attached, he would dine with his brother and afterwards retire to his study to smoke a cigarette. After that he would work until close upon midnight.

Guardian of the lives of the exiles, refugees and *émigrés*, he would have nothing to do with the cruel method of deporting them to America: "I don't see why we should let the Holy Father turn us into instruments of his high-handed police."

War being indispensable for the formation of Italy, Cavour had to make this war with Austria acceptable to France. Furnished with a passport in which his name did not appear, Cavour secretly left Switzerland for Plombières.

There he saw the Emperor Napoleon III, and war was decided upon. From that day, until the campaign commenced,

Cavour lived in continuous tension; working night and day he provided for everything: the formation of volunteer corps, the organisation of all the services, the inspection of all fortified towns. When he interrupted that work, it was to skim through reports and newspapers so as to follow the most trivial incidents, the smallest changes of opinion.

One morning his servant knocked at his study door. "A man is asking to see you, sir „. — "What's his name? „ — "He wouldn't give it, sir; he's got a thick stick and a broad-brimmed hat, and persists in declaring that you expect him, sir „. — "Ah „, said Cavour rising, "show him in „. — And in the doorway appeared the leonine head of Garibaldi, just arrived from Caprera.

The "condottiere „ had hastened thither at the master's summons, and it was difficult to say which of the two looked the better pleased.

When the war broke out, Cavour became also Minister of war, a post which his colleague Lamarmora had held, and was at last able to arm, pay and feed the volunteers. The Franco-Sardinian army marched from victory to victory: Magenta, Solferino, Pastrengo, San Martino opened the road to the Adriatic; they were about to free Venice and Trieste, when the peace of Villafranca stopped their further progress. Cavour was on the verge of despair; he was seen to disembark at Hermance, on the Savoy side of lake Lemman, feverish, rebellious and gloomy. But his despair was short lived, for he was not the man to indulge in vain regrets, or to brood over a past which could not be recalled. Cavour then turned to England, where his friend John RUSSELL had just been appointed foreign minister, and asked for the moral support of that generous people.

About the middle of April 1859, Garibaldi left Turin for Nice. He had to pass Genoa. There he halted, and fifteen days later started with the "Mille „ (thousand) in two wretched ships upon his heroic Sicilian adventure. Cavour furthered Garibaldi's expedition, and British cruisers, at long intervals, escorted the transports. While the whole of Italy,

in breathless amazement, was following the Homeric stages of the conquest of the Two Sicilies, Cavour threw a Piedmontese army into the Marches, thus cleverly outwitting his opponents.

Rome and the three Venetian provinces were yet to be won. Cavour had no time to look back upon the long stretch of road already traversed; he looked straight ahead at what had still to be covered. He drew the attention of Parliament to Rome.

— “The star of Italy”, he said, “is Rome; there lies our polar star; the Eternal City upon which twenty-five centuries have lavished endless glory, must needs be the capital of Italy... The unity of Italy, the peace of Europe, can only be secured at that price. — But, we are told, we shall never be able to obtain assent to that design from Catholicism or the powers which consider themselves its representatives and defenders. — That difficulty cannot be solved by the sword; moral forces alone can solve it. The conviction which will gain ground every day, even in the centre of the great Catholic Society, is this: religion has nothing to fear from freedom. Holy Father, ‘we can say to the sovereign pontiff’, temporal power is no longer a guarantee of your independence. Surrender it, and we will give you that freedom which for three centuries you have asked for in vain from all the great catholic powers. That freedom we offer you in its plenitude. We are ready to proclaim in Italy the great principle of a free Church in a free State.”

This speech on Rome was delivered at the end of the month of March. On the 29th May, after a stormy debate, Cavour returned home sad and weary. He dined as usual with his brother, and whilst smoking was seized with fits of shivering and violent sickness. For several days they had recourse to bleeding, which gave him relief. As he insisted with his doctor: “My head is confused, and I need all my faculties to deal with things of the greatest importance: bleed me again for that is the only way of saving me”; the doctor sent for the surgeon, who made a fresh incision,

but the blood refused to flow. Some poultices they applied did not even break the skin.

Three days afterwards, left alone with his man servant, he said: " We have got to part, Martin; when the time comes, " you must send for Father Giacomo who has promised to " be with me at the last „.

When the news of Cavour's illness spread through the town, his house was besieged by the dismayed population. Father Giacomo confessed the dying man and gave him absolution. " I want „, he murmured, " the good folk of Turin to " know that I died as a Christian should; I am quite happy " for I have never wronged anyone „. The king hastened to the dying man's bedside. When he had departed, the Count said with perfect lucidity: " North Italy is made; there " are no longer either Lombards, or Piedmontese, or Tuscans, " or Romagnols; we are all Italians. Garibaldi is an honest " fellow: he wants to go to Rome and Venice, and so do I: " no one is in greater hurry to do so than I: *As for Istria " and the Tyrol*, that's a different question: *that will be for " another generation*. We have done our full share „. His voice sank and he spoke thickly. His niece sent for Father Giacomo, who arrived with the holy oils. Cavour recognized him, shook his hand and said: " Frate, frate, libera Chiesa in libero Stato! „ (a free Church in a free State). Those were his last words.

Cavour's coat of arms bore this device: God wills the right. Cavour illustrated in act the motto of his family escutcheon by adopting as a rule of life this maxim: " *Via recta, via " certa* „ (the right road is the sure road): of that his life furnished the best testimony.

His sudden and unexpected end was universally regretted. Italy went into mourning and wept over him, as one weeps for that which cannot be replaced. His King, instead of a public *éloge*, honoured him by remaining faithful to his memory and carrying out his programme to the letter. Abroad, Cavour's death caused great consternation, specially in England, where in the House of Commons and in the House of Lords,

orators, moved to tears, sounded the praises of the great Italian.

Lord Palmerston succeeded in striking a most pathetic note :
“ it may be truly said of Count Cavour that *he has left*
“ *a name ‘to point a moral and adorn a tale’*. The moral
“ which is to be drawn from the life of Count Cavour is this
“ — that a man of transcendent talents, of indomitable energy,
“ and of inextinguishable patriotism, may, by the impulses
“ which his own single mind may give to his countrymen,
“ aiding a righteous cause and seizing favourable opportu-
“ nities, notwithstanding difficulties that appear at first sight
“ insurmountable, confer on his country the greatest and most
“ inestimable benefits.

“ The tale with which his memory will be associated is one
“ of the most extraordinary, — I may say the most romantic,
“ — recorded in the annals of the world. We have seen
“ under his influence and guidance a people, — who were sup-
“ posed to have become torpid in the enjoyment of luxury,
“ and to have had no knowledge or feeling on politics except
“ what may have been derived from the traditions of their
“ history and the jealousies of rival States, — we have seen
“ that people (under his guidance and at his call) rising from
“ the slumber of ages with the power of a ‘giant refreshed’,
“ breaking that spell by which they had so long been bound,
“ and displaying on great occasions the courage of heroes,
“ the sagacity of statesmen, the wisdom of philosophers, and
“ obtaining for themselves the unity of political existence
“ which for centuries had been denied them. Sir, I say these
“ are great events in history, and the man whose name will
“ go down to posterity connected with such a series of
“ events, whatever may have been the period of his death,
“ however premature it may have been for the hopes of his
“ countrymen, cannot be said to have died too soon for his
“ glory and his fame „.



CAVOUR

or whom Sir John Russel said: « ... I believe there never was a man who
« devoted himself, heart, and mind, and soul, more entirely to his country
« than the late Count Cavour » (House of Commons, June 7th, 1861).



TO THE

AMERICAN



Outside Piedmont there was no regular army. The preparations for this war of patriots and conspirators had to be made in secret, with scaffold, irons and exile hanging ever over their heads. In addition to this, individual acts of valour could be counted by the hundred, and legions of brave men threw themselves into the conflict to give fresh meaning to the word *Italy*, and to secure a people's freedom.

Let me give you some examples: let me carry you some distance off that I may not forget men who, fighting on foreign soil for other's glory, remembered that they were Italians. The scene is Russia. The battle waxes hot, they are fighting hand to hand in the streets, houses and courtyards. Blood flows in streams, forms pools, bespatters the walls. The men of general Pino's brigade, in the glare of the burning houses, wherever they turn come across mounds of dead bodies.

They falter. "Courage, lads! Let us cover our fair name of Italians with glory: let us conquer to-day for our fathers' honour and that of our wives and friends „. So, fixing their bayonets, the men of Italy plunge into the sheet of flame. "In no time „, writes de Laugier, "their shapeless, blackened, scarified skeletons were a sight to shudder at; one covered one's eyes „.

Eugène de Beauharnais ordered the guard to capture a low hill. He fancied that one of the mounted gunners looked pale. "What, do you mean to tell me that you, a guardsman, are afraid? „ he exclaimed indignantly. — "No, your Highness, I am not afraid, but it is this which does not

" allow me to be very comfortable in my stirrups „. So saying, he pointed to his leg shattered by grapeshot.

At the tail of a convoy rolling in the direction of Moscow, were some waggons entrusted to the keeping of a handful of men. The Cossacks dashed upon the hinder part of the convoy to cut it off. Corporal Franchini was a man of decision. He set a torch to a waggon which exploded with a deafening report. The fire, spread like lightning to the other fourteen waggons, which burst into flame. On the ground below a bloody *mêlée* put the few remaining Cossacks to flight.

PACCHIEROTTI, like his compatriots Santarosa, Ferrero, Collegno, Di San Marzano, unable to draw his sword against Austria, offered the help of his strong right arm to the insurgent Spaniards. With his knee shattered by a bullet, he remained in the saddle in agonizing pain, for the sake of heartening his men. When, inflammation setting in as a natural result of this imprudence, amputation was declared necessary, he refused in these words to submit to it: " Seeing that there is no free country left for me, I have no desire to live „. His comrades called him " the bravest of the brave „.

That naked man running from one gun to another is twenty years old. His name is ELBANO GASPERI. He had ripped off his clothes because the fire had caught them. As nude as he was born, his hair matted with blood and sweat, black with soot, terrible as an archangel, he strode over the dead, pointed, sighted, and fired amidst the dying groans of his comrades. He clapped his hands, swore, grinned and spat at the enemy, who fell furiously that poor wanderer.

Brigadier PRATO one day was doing sentinel duty some way off from the men of his squadron. Suddenly a patrol of Austrian hussars summoned him to surrender. For answer he felled one of the enemy with his carbine. Then he jumped into the saddle, and spurred for dear life. Not until he had travelled some distance, did he notice that his carbine was missing. How could he appear before his commanding officers without a weapon, and abandon that trophy to

the enemy? He returned at a gallop and, in full view of his foes aghast at such an act of audacity, he dived down in the grass, picked up his carbine, remounted and got clear away despite a shower of grape shot with which the outwitted patrol peppered him.

SIRO BECCARIA, a volunteer artillery man loading his gun for the last time, had his leg broken by a bullet. Drawing his dagger he severed with his own hand the tendons of the mutilated limb, and then dragged himself to Novara to die.

GARDINO, quartermaster, advanced so far with his patrol that the military band in the enemy's camp could be heard playing. Then, bidding the others remain where they were, he forced his horse through the bushes until he saw an Austrian flag guarded by some sentinels; — the soldiers were regaling their ears with the music. The horseman charged up as fast as his mount would carry him, snatched at the flag, and, thanks to the pace at which he was going, returned untouched by the fusillade which the sentinels, standing open-mouthed at the sight of such an apparition, honoured him with.

The insurgents at Messina were burning to tear the flag from the battlements of the citadel. From above, the cannons were belching forth grape on a little group of men who, mounted on each other's shoulders, made a living ladder. Among these was an old man, DON SALVATORE Bensaia, and his four sons. The youngest of these had his head so frightfully shattered, that his brothers, huddled beneath him amid the debris and the dust, were bespattered with his blood. At this the old man cried out: "One of my sons has fallen for the motherland, now let the others take their turn „.

The street arabs of Messina, regardless of danger, gave chase to the grenades in order to cut the fuse before they had time to explode. One of them, a certain GARGENA, in doing so, lost his arms. As they were amputating the stumps, he remarked: "I don't mind losing them, I've still got my teeth to bite them with „.

Is this all? Ah no! I have hardly begun. But as time would fail me were I to tell of all these mighty ones, I shall content myself with giving you a pen-portrait of the bravest of the knights of our redemption.

Foremost of all towers the immortal figure of GARIBALDI; the Condottiere who tempted men to enlist thus: "To you I offer hunger, thirst, perils, conflict and death „.

He endured everything: shipwreck, captivity, torture, anguish and despair unspeakable. He was defeated; from the fire, the bullet and the bayonet alike he escaped unscathed. He endured hunger, and was no stranger to bereavement and wherever and whenever danger threatened, he would say: "Thither I go „.

This man dared everything. He attacked dynasties, made tyrants tremble, condemned Popes, shook thrones, faced armies, freed navies. He was an apostle. With steadfast faith and godlike calm, he pushed ever forward. His was the nature of the lion: fearsome in his moments of anger, in repose his face shone with a tender smile. Under fire he was omnipresent and invulnerable. He rode untouched amid bursting bombs; the bullet aimed at his brow, sputtered in vain around his tawny mane. And the treacherous dagger, poised to strike, was powerless to pierce his scarlet shirt. He would fall asleep while the battle still raged, perchance under the ramparts breached by the grape shot, or in the porch of a church just snatched from the enemy.

His habits were sober. Some bread, a handful of beans, some fruit; such were his daily rations. He drank water straight from the spring or from the tap of a fountain. When dictator of Sicily, he allowed himself ten francs a day: such was his civil list. He was simple; his trousers were torn and scorched by the fire, others to change into he had none. When he entered Naples with Victor Emanuel, he wore his old felt hat which had taken part in all the campaigns of 1860. There were towns which had subscribed to set up his monument in marble: he objected and asked for powder instead. He was generous: on the field of battle he forbade his men

to fire at any of the enemy who had wrought a gallant deed. "Let us preserve the brave", said he, "they belong to our race".

The first decrees which he drew up at Naples provided for the constitution of day schools for the poor children of the twelve districts of the town, and for the foundation of a free boarding-school for the sons of the lower classes. He suppressed the lottery and in its place opened saving-banks.

To the English who, in common with foreigners, had no right under the old order of things to have a church of their own, and were in the habit of worshipping behind closed doors in the house of their Consul, Garibaldi granted permission to build a chapel for themselves. This sanction was worded thus: "Will this people who worship the same God as the Italians, please accept as a national gift the little plot of ground necessary for its pious work".

Of all great leaders he alone was devoid of ambition. With his forerunners, from Hannibal to Napoleon, the wildest dreams of conquest culminated in a crown. They, whilst they gave freedom to nations, could not free themselves from the lust of domination; he refused the rank of Colonel which Victor Emanuel decreed him, and also the "Cross of the Annunciation", rarest of orders, carrying with it the title of "royal cousin".

He was the ideal Condottiere, seeing that he remained to his death the Condottiere of the Ideal.

On the morrow after Volturmo he embarked for Caprera on the "Washington", with his son and three friends. All he took with him was a thousand francs, some cuttings of trees, a sack of beans, one of haricots, and a barrel of dried cod. And this after he had just conquered all the South of Italy, thus freeing nine million people!

Six years later, once more on a sign from his King, he suddenly appeared in the Tyrolese Alps at the head of men who seemed to rise from the earth. They were the "chasseurs des Alpes", who scaled rocks, ravines, and mountain

tops to drag the enemy from his lair. The mountaineers flocked to the side of Garibaldi, the liberator so long expected.

His success was rapid and decisive. Camped upon the heights, his sword between his knees, he would lose himself in contemplation of those tremendous Alpine ramparts.

He succeeded in pushing his advance so far, that Trent appeared on the horizon; but his King recalled him. "I obey," wrote he, and Moses-like, without a murmur, tearing his eyes from the city of promise, he put back the sword into the scabbard and regained the plain.

And his faithful isle (Caprera) welcomed him once again.

After this, in her hours of adversity, France saw him appear on her bloodstained battlefields, as his magic sword struck at the traditional foe.

That done, he returned once more to his rocky windswept home. There he tended his goats, tilled his garden, gathered in his harvest. His child-like and poetic soul was sunk in the contemplation of stars and sea. Stainless in his daily life, he lived without remorse.

Though strictly historical, the figure of Garibaldi stands out bathed in the brilliant colours of some legendary hero. Who can relate all his roving campaigns, his fantastic skirmishes, his strange combats, waged now by sea, now by land, through the pampas and on mountain tops?

Blockaded once in America, he brought his boats to land and had them dragged by two hundred oxen across inconceivable distances in order to launch them elsewhere.

Once at Montevideo, his munitions exhausted, he broke the chains of his anchors in pieces and used them to load his guns, into which he rammed every scrap of bronze and iron he could lay hands upon.

Side-arms were his favorite weapon: for him the gun meant the handle of the bayonet. His legionaries following close upon his heels, would like lions spring on the foe.

The extraordinary audacity of the tactics which distinguished all his expeditions, would time after time upset the strategy of the regular Generals.



This monument to **Garibaldi** has been erected on the Janiculum, where, at the head of a handful of heroes, he organized the defence of *Rome, a Republic* (1849). Mounted on his horse, the Condottiere looks down upon St. Peter's at his feet.

It was with two inferior ships that he broke through a fleet of twenty one vessels which had come to stop him, and landed his brave men at the "Isle of fire," (Sicily). With 1092 Italians and three Hungarians, in one single fortnight, he conquered Sicily, defended at that moment by an army 50.000 strong. Calatafimi and Milazzo represented the epic poem of this "horde of brigands," as they were termed by the Minister Carafa, in one of his notes to the diplomatic authorities.

The battle of the *Volturno* and the siege of *Capua* are among the greatest feats of arms of the XIXth century.

Small wonder then, that Garibaldi, a strictly historic figure, appears in a legendary light. Our nephews will already be singing the wonderful myth which took shape under the pen of CARDUCCI, Italy's greatest modern poet, the very day of the hero's death. The legend ends with a prophecy of the events of which we are to-day the privileged witnesses.

"He was the offspring of an ancient native god who fell enamoured of a northern fairy, there, where the smiling Alps stoop to the sapphire sea, where the heavens flash with a yet more fulgent blue, where all things bloom with unearthly grace and beauty. But the epoch was a sad one: hell was the lord of that paradise, the hell made by home and foreign tyrants, and by priestly domination. It fell upon a day that, as the gentle child divine, his lustrous eyes feasting on sky and sea, was wandering at will, Italy, to free him from the thrall of tyrants, bore him to America which, discovered by another Ligurian, was to become a refuge for him and all the oppressed. There the brave youth grew to manhood riding the waves, wild as an unbroken colt, hunting the tiger and the bear. His food consisted of the marrow of lions. As proud and fair as Theseus, he dwelt among savages whom he tamed and made subject to his will. From the ruins wrought by tyranny, he reared Republics.

"In the fulness of time Theseus, grown another Hercules in symmetry and strength, answered the summons of Italy.

" He went from victory to victory only to halt before the
" walls of Rome.

" Wounded in the heel, his only vulnerable spot, he
" went and dwelt upon a savage island which, wherever his
" foot pressed, bore grain and fruit. Here the hero passed
" many a long year, and laved his wounded foot in the
" waters of the Mediterranean where had descended the god-
" dess mother of the heavens to bring him solace. Her kisses
" brought him back his health and the radiant flush of
" youth.....

" Yet again, foreigners once more took possession of the
" peninsula. Thereupon the generation of Garibaldi came
" down to the sounding waves and, with arms outstretched
" over the great waters, cried out: — ' Come back, Condot-
" tiere, liberator and dictator '.

" Gladly hearkening to this appeal, our hero once more
" girded himself for conquest. Seeing that his followers were
" few, he ascended the Capitol and brandishing his sword and
" striking the ground with his foot, commanded all the men
" who had fallen under him to come to life again. Then it
" was that the air trembled as with the song of a mighty
" host: the ground shook to the tread of armed men: Italy
" was free, for ever free; on mountain and plain, on sea and
" island, the tyrant's voice was no more heard.

" The Roman eagle, with the full span of its wings, soared
" once more between the sea and the mountains, and as it
" saw the ships freely ploughing for the third time the Italian
" Middle Sea, it uttered a piercing cry of joy.

" When he had reinstated his people in their rights and
" had reconciled the other nations, when he had secured for
" them peace, liberty and happiness, one day the hero di-
" appeared. It was said he had been summoned to the
" council of his country's gods. But each day, as the sun
" rises over the Alps across the dawn-mist, and sinks to
" rest in a bed of saffron and of rose, a great shadow looms
" between the firs and the larches. That shadow has a red
" cloak, loose-flying locks of gold, and an expression pure

" as heaven. The herdsman, as he gazes at it, tells his children: ' It is the great hero of Italy keeping watch and ward over the mountains of his native land ' „.

GOFFREDO MAMELI was a poet. He sang of war and love in verse which rose unbidden to his lips. They were simple little songs. By the time the people were repeating them, he had forgotten them. Does the lark remember the last melody that he shook out? He was as fair as Antinous, but knew it not. He was joyous; nevertheless, as soon as the words motherland or freedom were pronounced, he became serious. That was why Garibaldi held him so dear.

On Mount Janiculum, the rampart of Italian breasts, he held to the bullet-swept slope the whole live-long day. As the sun was setting, a bullet ripped open his leg. He suffered himself to be carried away to the ambulance. The wound suppurating, gangrene intervened: they amputated. " Can't I fight on horse-back? „ he asked, for he wished to defy Austria to her face on the very soil of Lombardy. Alas, he died with Rome a Republic, at the self-same hour that the triumvirs went into exile.

For sixty long years has the heroic Mameli lain in the grave, but his hymn with its immortal refrain

Stringiamci a coorte, siamo pronti alla morte!

Stringiamci a coorte, l'Italia chiamò! (1)

still rings in the Alpine ravines, now, at this hour, when the whole nation is striving to drive back the Imperial eagle to his cursed eyrie. Mameli's hymn is our Marseillaise.

POERIO is a name thrice holy in the national calendar of

(1) Close up in serried ranks! We are ready for death; Italy has called us!

Italy. It was borne by a father (Joseph) and his two sons (Alexander and Charles) who witnessed the good confession in jail and in exile.

It is of Alexander, philologist, philosopher and poet, that I propose to speak here. By nature sensitive and ardent, he lived on love and dreams. Poetry was his daily bread. Sorrow and joy welled forth from his soul in sobs and sparkling streams of laughter.

In 1849, his cherished dreams seemed about to be realized. He shouldered his rifle and, refusing a commission, joined the ranks of General Pepe, setting out to die for Venice. At Mestre, he fought like one possessed. The drum sounded the retreat, but, failing to hear it, as he had lost his hearing in the vaults of St. Elmo at Naples, he found himself one against a hundred Croats who jabbed at him with their daggers and left him for dead in the dust. For five days he had to endure agony. While under the surgeon's hands, Poerio spoke with wistful longing of the Italy of his dreams. The women of Venice prepared a simple tomb to receive his dust.

Here is the letter General PEPE wrote to Carlo, the hero's brother: "He was not my brother, he was not my son, but the bravest, the most disinterested of my fellow countrymen. While still young, from love of liberty he followed me on the field of Rieti, and our disasters were powerless to chill his ardent soul. Last May, refusing a lucrative and honourable post, he chose to follow me as a mere volunteer, his eyes fixed beyond the Po. In the fight for Mestre, amidst the supreme courage displayed by the defenders of Venice, he surpassed one and all by his bravery, which never failed him amid the agony of the amputation.

"You are to exhort your mother, whom he worshipped and of whom he spoke in his agony, to be an Italian mother. "If the excellence, the sanctity of the cause for which he has given his latest breath but a few moments ago; if the example of so great a patriotism, which will surely bear

"fruit for the unhappy motherland; if all these can afford no consolation, what is there that can console?"

"When his confessor asked him this morning whether by any chance he had hated anybody, in feeble tones he made answer: 'No one, save the foes of Italy' „.

Five brothers there were named CAIROLI. From the breasts of their heroic mother, Adelaide, they drew that passionate love of country which inspired all their actions.

At San Fermo (May 27th, 1859) fell Ernesto, and his loss suggested the pass-word which Garibaldi issued on the following day: "Saint Cairolì „.

A year afterwards, Benedetto and Enrico set forth for Sicily, on the immortal adventure of the "Mille „. The hill of Calatafimi was stained with the blood of Benedetto, the streets of Palermo with that of both brothers.

Luigi, the Benjamin of the family, worn with fatigue and privations, found rest and freedom at Naples. Later, in 1867, when the patriots, at the vintage season, were advancing to attack Rome, news was brought that Enrico had died in the arms of Giovanni. And two years after, the Mother laid Giovanni, who had succumbed to the wounds received in another attempt to take Rome, in his coffin.

Valiant knights were all the five brothers; it was reserved for Enrico and Giovanni to write a deathless page in that noble epic poem of saints and heroes that we call the "Risorgimento „.

As they were about to set out, Enrico, when he had enjoined silence, said: "We are going on a desperate enterprise: once across the Roman frontier, there is no going back, and our lives are not our own. So, if any one hesitates, or wishes to change his mind, let him say so forthwith. He can be useful in other ways, in other spheres. Does any one desire to remain? „.

— "No! „, was the unanimous cry.

— "We shall know what exhaustion means, and hunger perchance! Never mind; we will share the crumbs together. If I complain, if I show the white feather, if I try to back

" out of it, put a bullet through my brain. But, if one of you " play the coward, I will do the same by him „.

The march to the borders of the Papal States took two whole days, much hindered by persistent rain and fog.

The brave little band took ship to sail up the Tiber, but, owing to a delay of a few hours in putting off, they waited in vain near the Ponte Môle for the promised reinforcements.

No sooner landed, they hid themselves in the reeds. But seeing that their retreat was so unsafe, they swarmed up the slope of the Parioli, and concealed themselves in the farm of a certain Glori, with the help of one of his vine-dressers. Their pockets stuffed with cartridges, they posted themselves in the farm buildings, while one of them kept a look-out at the end of a barn. As they swallowed the soup prepared for them, these youngsters spun one another many a story of hairbreadth escapes. Suddenly the cry of the sentinel rang out: " The soldiers, the soldiers ! „. They issued from the barn and formed up on the crest of the hill, behind the scanty shelter of a quick-set hedge. The enemy advanced in close order and fired their first volley. The second whistled over the volunteers heads, but a third fairly found the target.

" Fire ! „ commanded Giovanni Cairolì.

The Pope's soldiers, " the pontifici „, armed with excellent Remingtons, made wonderful practice: the volunteers were only provided with rusty fire arms discarded by the national guard. To load them, they had to stand upright, so making themselves a mark. When the caps of the " pontifici „ appeared at the bottom of the steep slope, Giovanni gave the order to charge with the bayonet. At the very same instant, Enrico perceived the main column entering the meadow belonging to the farm. Straightway he shouted: " To your " left; steady, boys, long live Garibaldi ! „. And so saying, he rushed, revolver in hand, at the Captain of the enemy.

" Wait for me, Enrico „, — said his brother, — " I'm coming " too ! „. Enrico was struck full in the breast and died in the



Monument dedicated by Rome to the memory of the brothers **Cairolì**, who deliberately died, fighting on the North side of the Tiber, in order that the conquest of Rome should become a reality and not remain a mere dream.

arms of Giovanni, as he murmured: " Now the problem is " solved „.

With him, and around him, amid the purple clusters of the grapes, at the season of the vintage, there fell many another valiant spirit. With smile on lip they fell, with the vision of a Rome set free mirrored in their dying eyes.

*
* *

To my mind, and no doubt you will agree with me, the highest expression of moral grandeur lies in the power to endure, for the love of an ideal, years and years of prison life, a life which would be unendurable to human strength were it not for that innermost feeling that to lay down one's life for the cause, is to further the cause an hundredfold. Except for the sight of the hateful jailer who was generally a cruel individual, there was nothing else but shadows and darkness. That there should be people who have not only been able to withstand such a moral death, but rise out of it better and stronger, is a fact that brings comfort and encouragement.

Of such men there have been thousands in Italy, buried alive during their best years. Some have died after five, ten, or more years; some have lived through it all and have, after many years, come back to a free and happy life, seeing that their freedom was but the outcome of their dream: a united Italy. They had suffered greatly and what their torture was like, some of them have related in Memoirs and Diaries written both during and after prison life. I am going to glance through a few of these volumes and let you read for yourselves how the hated tyrants treated some of their most illustrious subjects.

Two very poignant recitals have been given to us by LUIGI SETTEMBRINI, at one time in the ministry of the King of Naples, and by the duke SIGISMONDO DI CASTROMEDIANO. Both had been condemned to death through one of those lawful crimes so common in those days; but the King had been pleased to commute their sentence to prison for life.

Here are Settembrini's own words:

" At dawn on the 6th of February, we arrived at Santo Stefano. The prisoners sentenced to life banishment were not put in irons, but were forbidden to come down from the floor where their cells were. The unhappy prisoner had, therefore, nothing but his cell and a narrow loggia overlooking a courtyard to which he was denied access, and a patch of sky which, framed by the high prison walls, seemed for all the world like a lid of lead ...

" You could scarcely find room to stand in this loggia, so blocked up was it with all manner of utensils and with men, who, as they elbowed one another, shouted, sang, swore, lit a scanty fire or chopped wood. Then, in the courtyard there was nothing to be seen but prisoners dragging after them their heavy diabolical chains, often, too, the plank on which the bastonado was given. The winds beat upon you, the sun burnt you, the rain depressed you; all that you saw and heard was harrowing to the feelings and one long source of annoyance from which the prison cell alone offered escape. Each cell measured a few square yards, and from nine to ten prisoners were crowded in each. They were black and begrimed like a cottage kitchen, sordid and shabby; the pallets covered with rags had only a narrow passage between each. On the walls, hanging from wooden pegs, were earthenware pots, pans, plates, strings of garlic, peppercorns, spindles and other wretched utensils. A chair was a rare thing, and a table even more so. Nothing made of iron was allowed, not even nails: forks, spoons, bowls, were made of wood; to chop the lard one had to use a bone, — the rib of an ox. The prisoners were permitted to cook their daily

“ meal themselves; this consisted of beans or soup. This
“ cooking was done in little earthenware stoves which were
“ placed in the embrasure of the windows or on the planks
“ of the bed. Each of us lit his own stove, from which there
“ poured forth a thick smoke which filled the cell, blinded
“ the eyes, and drove you out on to the loggia. But even
“ there you could not get away from others that behaved
“ in a similar way, and it was quite hopeless to try and
“ find a spot free from the smoke which found its way
“ through doors, through windows, through every where. A
“ lantern, hung from a split cane gave light at night to
“ those sitting in a circle spinning hemp.

“ If the cells were dismal by day, they were even more
“ grim and fearsome by night, which in such places closes
“ in before sunset, — the hour when the prisoners were
“ locked in. What a furnace! and what a stench! What me-
“ mories and sorrow that tragic hour brings back! During
“ the day you could look forward and hope, but once pent
“ up in your pigsty, you felt despair creeping over you.
“ Then it was that you heard naught but drunken men’s
“ songs, or menacing cries which sounded like the roaring
“ of caged beasts; sometimes groans and a low moaning
“ noise would reach you, and in the morning you would
“ wake up to find dead bodies lying on stretchers. When
“ at last, exhausted by fatigue and weariness, you tried to
“ find rest and isolation on your bed, and your thoughts
“ flew to your wife, to your father, to all the beloved beings
“ you had left behind, you suddenly felt upon you the reeking
“ breath of the murderer who slept next to you, and who
“ in his dreams gave vent to foul oaths or drunken hiccoughs.

“ These miserable creatures were past masters in every
“ kind of jealousy, hatred, intrigue, shift, and vice imma-
“ ginable. Every word, every look, every trifle, irritated them
“ profoundly. They settled their quarrels with the knife. It
“ was impossible to conceive how these men interned in a
“ prison, on a rock, strictly supervised, were able to procure
“ so many weapons. They got them through the warders

“ from whom they bought files and pointed pieces of iron
“ which they shaped into stilettos. Sometimes they picked up
“ nails, pulled off door hinges, stole links from their chains,
“ threw all these things on the fire and in the night, by
“ means of two stones, one of which served as anvil and
“ the other as hammer, they forged the most astonishing
“ arms. They hid them in the cracks of the walls, under the
“ paving of the cells, in the wooden vessels in which they
“ had cleverly contrived false bottoms.

“ The most frequent causes of their brawls were wine and
“ gambling both by day and night, and though the latter
“ was strictly prohibited, they gambled away their beds,
“ their bread, their rags, and their rations, and whilst thus
“ occupied, they drank as much wine as they could get from
“ the tavern keeper. When they were drunk, they revived
“ old grievances long since forgiven, and all of a sudden
“ they would start up, and with blood-shot eyes stagger to
“ and fro as they closed with one another, a pool of blood
“ and wine mingling at their feet. One brawl was the father
“ of many others, friends and fellow-provincials taking up
“ the inheritance of hate and vengeance: the murderer was
“ murdered in his turn, and so on. When the brawl broke
“ out, all was a mad pandemonium of howling, yelling and
“ swearing: the prison trembled to its foundations. The sen-
“ tinel gave the alarm. When all was silent again, the Com-
“ mandant appeared followed by the police, the surgeon, the
“ chaplain: the wounded were taken to the hospital, the dead
“ to the cemetery, the others to the whip and the ‘puntale’,
“ punishments that were applied daily both for serious of-
“ fences and for mere peccadillos. The culprit was laid flat
“ on a plank in the middle of the courtyard; two warders
“ armed with heavy tarred ropes wetted in water, struck
“ him mercilessly on the back and thighs, in the presence
“ of the doctor, the chaplain and the Commandant, who pre-
“ scribed the number of strokes. Soldiers with fixed bayonets
“ were lined up on the loggia, and the prisoners were com-
“ pelled to witness the scene. The scourging at an end, the

“ culprit was chained by the foot to the “ puntale ”, a kind
“ of large iron ring riveted to the paving of the cell or fixed
“ to a grating. He was fastened to it for days, and even for
“ months together. Sometimes the punishment was made
“ more drastic by putting on shackles, two half circles of
“ iron, which were fixed to the feet and wedged in by an
“ enormous bolt, which weighed heavily on the heels and
“ made the slightest movement difficult and painful. These
“ chastisements were of constant occurrence; the flogging a
“ daily spectacle.

“ In this prison, among these monsters, we were twenty
“ political prisoners: six convicts, and fourteen sentenced to
“ terms of imprisonment varying from 25 to 30 years.

“ Three years to-day — the 6th of Feb. 1854 — since I
“ entered this convict prison. It was on a Thursday, and
“ the weather was bitterly cold. I was the first to enter, the
“ moment the postern gate swung open. These three years
“ represent one sole day, at once both very long and very
“ short. Here time is like an ocean without shore, without
“ sun, moon, or stars, vast and unbroken. But if I look
“ within myself, and contemplate my poor heart torn in
“ twain, as I count my sorrows, and lay bare the deep
“ wounds that penetrate the innermost depths of my soul,
“ then those three years seem an eternity.

“ My body and my clothes are soiled, and my shrinking
“ soul seems to share their pollution; it too becomes sullied;
“ it feels as if I, too, had my hands stained with blood and
“ robbery. For me virtue and beauty belong to the past! Oh,
“ my God! Father of the unfortunate, Comforter of those who
“ suffer, save my soul from this taint; if Thou hast decreed
“ that I should here end my sorrowful life, hasten my end.
“ Thou knowest that suffering has not made me a coward;
“ I carry my cross, I drag it along even on my knees. But
“ I am afraid of becoming corrupted; I fear that my soul may
“ disgrace itself. How shall I appear before Thee with such
“ a soul? I beseech Thee to let me die, seeing that man has
“ spared my life but to torment me further. Let savagery

“ and civilisation alike trample upon me, tear my frail limbs
“ and feeble body. Here are my hands: bind them with cords
“ and handcuffs. Here are my feet, fasten them in fetters.
“ Sate yourselves with my flesh and my blood, but, for pity’s
“ sake, do not maim my soul. My soul is my own, it fears
“ but one thing: crime. The world does not understand, only
“ a very few understand that of all possible afflictions, the
“ greatest is to witness the downfall of one’s soul. I feel it.
“ the day I feel it no more, I shall be corrupted or dead.

“ Who will carry me to Posillipo, to my garden of
“ roses, all redolent of the sweet-scented magnolia? Who
“ will grant me this boon, that I may salute the sun that
“ rises above Vesuvius like a young lover, and the town
“ which like a fair woman reclining on a bed of emeralds
“ rests her head on the hill, while her feet are kissed by
“ the sapphire sea? Why may I not greet the sun when he
“ hides behind Misene, sad of heart because he can contem-
“ plate such beauties no more? How the earth did blossom,
“ and the grass, and the trees and the flowers too! What a
“ balmy breeze blew from the sea where as in a silver mirror
“ the coy moon beheld her pallid form...

“ I do not write all I feel, think, see or hear, because,
“ given the strength to do so, where and how should I con-
“ ceal these notes? If they are taken and read, they will
“ offend no one. My object in writing is not to tell others of
“ my sufferings, but to be able one day to read them to
“ myself and recall my misfortunes. I am afraid of losing my
“ memory; it would indeed be painful if I should forget my
“ grief, all that is left to me „.

The duke of CASTROMEDIANO describes the sepulchre of Montefusco where he, with CARLO POERIO, MICHELE PIRONTI, and many others, had been buried alive. This jail was so horrible that King Ferdinand had been obliged to shut it “ in the name of humanity „. Many years later, he re-opened it to glut his vengeance on his political prisoners.

A brute, Di Franco, was the governor of that jail.

“ From that trap door-window we observed the Com-

" mandant surrounded by his satellites. By our gestures we
" showed him our sorry condition. We could not have had
" to do with a worse brute: his cruelty was a by-word in
" every jail in the Two Sicilies. He was lean and lank like
" a pea-stick, with little piggy eyes, greenish complexion,
" dry lips sunk in a thick reddish moustache: though far
" from old, his face was furrowed, his hair sparse and bristly,
" his teeth black. His ways were shiftY and distrustful like
" the hyena, his gestures coarse and violent: in one word,
" he had all the native qualities of the hangman. He never
" opened his mouth save to spit out oaths and invectives.
" When he had risen to the rank of second lieutenant, he had
" been dismissed from the army. At first he pretended not
" to understand, and he mowed with his head by way of
" jeering at us. Finally, stamping his foot, and clanking his
" sword, he regaled us grinningly and in his best Sicilian,
" with the following harangue:

" — Devil take it! why do you get my monkey up? Don't you
" know that the proper corrective to extreme heat is extreme
" cold? The King, our lord and master (and he doffed his
" cap till it swept the ground, an action which his underlings
" were quick to copy), in offering you this " sorbet,, is anxious
" to quench the flames which set your brains on fire. Why
" are you so ungrateful? I have a word of advice to offer you.
" If this desirable residence doesn't suit you, cut one another's
" throats and be damned to you: if you haven't the pluck to
" do so, have a try at revolting, at forcing a grating, and
" some rifle shots will soon work the trick for you. They've
" shoved you in here for you to kick the bucket: the sooner
" that happy event happens, the sooner I shall be rid of so
" much rubbish. Go and cut your throats, do: may light-
" ning strike your heads! The convicts in every jail know what
" sort of cove Commandant Di Franco is! If you don't know
" it, may the plague take you! You'll find it out in time. Still,
" it's just as well you should know the sort of man I am.
" Well! I hardly remember my parents. I am a trooper.
" Barrack bred, the soldiers brought me up in their school:

“ baccy, drink, dice, and swearing. Then I went to live
 “ amongst cut-throats and thieves, gentry that I have tamed
 “ to a treat, with the whip, the puntale and the black hole
 “ to do them in; and, by God, I’ ve seen a few done in. I
 “ can hardly read, and I never even try to. It only means
 “ loss of time, and leads’ to the pretty pass you’re in. Devil
 “ take pen, ink, paper, and every bally book! That’s the
 “ stuff that’s sent you crazy, and you can take this from me,
 “ that never a blessed book are you going to finger from
 “ this day forward. So don’t ask me for such trash. Neither
 “ books, paper nor pens. You’ve not got to correspond with
 “ anyone, unless you want a devilish good hiding. So, beyond
 “ the books you brought with you and which I am going to
 “ make you give up, don’t flatter yourselves you are going to
 “ get any more. If your friends send you any, I’ll pitch ’em
 “ on the fire.

“ You’ re not going to get, and you can lay to that, either
 “ paper or ink. You had better peg out with this putrid fever,
 “ rather than let me find you with them. Twenty-five strokes
 “ with the lash for every scrap of paper, twenty five for
 “ every pen or pencil, and bleeding buttocks for every
 “ blooming letter you smuggle in or out. One thing more. No
 “ visitors allowed in this establishment: no one’s allowed to
 “ put his nose in here. I warned you yesterday, and I warn
 “ you again to-day, not to palaver with the warders or the
 “ soldiers. I’m the only man you’ve got to talk to. Better far
 “ have a fistula than disobey me. You’re no longer in the
 “ common jail. The King calls this jail an exceptional one. Do
 “ you take me? May you all go to hell, if I don’t know how
 “ to run an exceptional jail „.

“ When we had recovered from the stupor into which this
 “ choice harangue had plunged us, we asked the Comman-
 “ dant if there was a different list of regulations to those
 “ which obtained in the other jails. If there were, we besought
 “ him to be good enough to let us know them, so that we
 “ should not transgress them. At the end of several days he
 “ replied: ‘ By the King’s orders, besides the general regu-

“lations, you’ve got to keep others framed for your special
“benefit. You’ve got to obey, and knuckle under to them,
“without thinking any more about the matter’.

“Within a week after our arrival into this foul hovel,
“twenty of our number had fallen sick. We begged and
“prayed for some help for them. At last a doctor turned up,
“and installed a hospital with eight beds on the first floor.
“The eight worst cases were moved into it after a fortnight
“had elapsed. Under the escort of the police spies, and
“loaded with chains, they left the loathsome den. How
“slowly and wearily they dragged themselves along! As we
“looked at them, we stood petrified. But the sight struck the
“folk outside in quite a different light. The last to appear
“on the landing was Stagliano, a very distinguished and
“wealthy youth, of a gentle and kindly disposition. A gen-
“darmerie supported him. It was bitterly cold that day, with
“sleet and a north-west wind blowing. On the little terrace,
“the Intendant, the Prefect, the Judge, the Inspector of Po-
“lice, and the Governor of the gaol were ranged up, suspi-
“cious and short tempered. Stagliano, with his head bent,
“and his hat slouched over his eyes, failed to see them. His
“face, moreover, was wrapped in a scarf. Di Franco, in order
“to show his zeal and give full play to his brutality, threw
“himself upon the unhappy mortal, tore cap, scarf and coat
“off him as he shouted: ‘So, you filthy imbecile of a jail-
“bird, you don’t recognize the servants of his Majesty when
“you see them! Down with you, you beast. It’s easy to see
“you’re a swine of a rebel, but I’ll find a way to break you
“in, and get rid of those airs of yours. What luxuries for
“a convict whom the King despises! Have you forgotten that
“you’re in my hands, hands that can very quickly make you
“give up the ghost? You’ll see, when they’re carrying you to
“the cemetery, whether you’ll go in cloak and cap, you cur!’.

“In 1854 and 1855, cholera infected the kingdom, and at
“Montefusco six convicts died from neglect. The police spies
“no longer dived into their burrows to use them ill, such
“dread had they of contagion. Our poor companions suc-

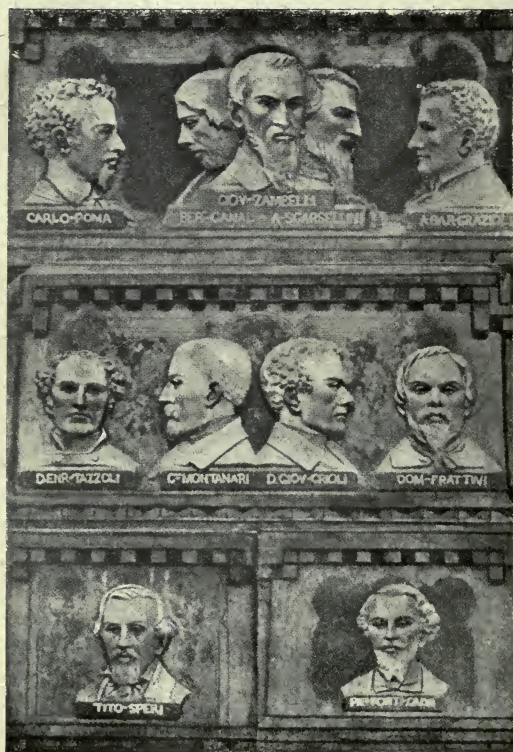
" cumbed, and their dead bodies were left among the living
" The latter, when the police spies permitted the gratings to
" be opened, had to lift the dead away on their shoulders.
" The sextons, with many an oath and sarcasm, carried the
" remains to the cemetery..... Lean and yellow we were as
" those raised from the dead; sight and hearing were alike
" enfeebled. A yet more acute return of asthma compelled
" Poerio to keep his bed. Pironti's crippled condition pre-
" vented him from moving. Schiavoni suffered from his eyes,
" Serafini had frequent abscesses, Errichiello was choked with
" asthma. The chain had set up inflammation of the groin
" in seventeen persons. Daily our conditions grew worse.

" In spite of my robust health, I grew rapidly thinner.
" With my emaciated face, pale complexion, staring eyeballs,
" sparse-growing hair, and sunken eyes, I was unable to lift
" my head and look at an object placed at any height with-
" out turning giddy and swooning away. Insomnia wrought
" havoc in me, and I had such cold feet that neither woollen
" bedsocks, nor the genial heat of springtime could warm
" them... „.

Mazzini wrote one day to an English friend: " This state
" of things can't last. Better to fall in one last glorious fight,
" than to see the flower of our race fall under the head-
" man's axe „.

And indeed, who can count the unending number of Italian
martyrs, from all over the Peninsula. who were beheaded or
hung in the cause of freedom? Their name is legion. Let me
therefore only mention a very few of them, that you may
just have a pale idea of the ferocity of Francis Joseph, the
sinister monarch of the Hapsburgs who died in 1916, and





The eleven martyrs of Belfiore,
from their memorial monument at Mantua.

went down to posterity with the ignominious title of "Emperor of the Gallows „.

These martyrs I am going to tell you, were all executed on the same little plot of ground in the valley of Belfiore, near Mantua. They represented all social classes: three priests, don Giovanni Grioli, don Enrico Tazzoli and don Bartolomeo Grazioli; a nobleman, count Carlo Montanari of Verona; university men and artists, Poma, Canal, Zambelli, Scarsellini; two leaders, Tito Speri and Pietro Calvi; a workman, Pietro Frattini.

The accusation brought against them was that of having bought some bonds of the Mazzinian loan, though Grioli, Poma, Grazioli and Frattini were not even guilty of that. None of them was yet forty; nay, some of them were under thirty; yet see how they died!

The day after his degradation, Enrico Tazzoli managed to write a note to his aunt, whom he addressed "dolcissima mamma „:

"If in me you loved the priest, you must know that I am a priest no longer. This will sadden you, because you are pious, but we must be prepared for everything, and who is not firm, does not resemble me „. And six days later: "He who starts upon an enterprise, and distresses himself about the trouble it costs him, is a fool or is not responsible for his actions. Let the sower who has cast his seed in the furrow take heart: but should the storm arise, let him remind himself that he ought to have foreseen this when he was sowing. Was he careless in his sowing? So much the worse for him „. . . . "Honestly, mamma, I am not unhappy „.

He bids his sister bring her son up well. "Tell him that no one surpasses me in the love I bear my family, no one in moral steadfastness: never have I consented to lower myself in order to avoid pain. Better far to die without remorse, than to live on with the risk of vacillating „.

From St. Teresa's prison, where he was taken together with his four companions after the death sentence had been

read, he wrote to his nephew who was also his godson:
“ Don't lead a soft existence if you want to be strong when
“ adversity comes to you. You bear my name: keep its honour
“ unstained: to do so is a duty even more than an advantage „
“ The multitude of victims has not robbed our fathers of
“ courage, and never will until the final victory is achieved.
“ As with the cause of religion, so is it with that of nation-
“ ality: it triumphs only through its martyrs. You young
“ people, who are sorry for our sufferings, let nothing stop
“ you, but when the ramparts are being stormed, let the fall
“ of your brothers serve only to increase your fury. Climb up
“ over the bodies lying in your way, the better to pour through
“ the breach and capture the citadel. You will surely conquer,
“ and victory shall atone for our trampled limbs „

CARLO POMA displayed a spirit of superhuman grandeur during his three months preliminary imprisonment at the Mainolda. This we can gather from the messages which he regularly sent to his mother. The prisoners' families were allowed to send them clean linen twice a week, the soiled linen being taken away to be washed. It was by these means that a weekly correspondence of the most pathetic character was carried on. By dint of some considerable ingenuity, he concocted a substitute for ink. A piece of wood, torn off some wood work in the dungeon, served him as a pen to write notes, and even letters, in his fine hand, on his shirts and towels. The family gathered round the hearth and waited in silence for the flame, as it singed the linen, to bring forth fragments of phrases which the prisoner had written with patient labour as he knelt in his gloomy cell. Poma gradually acquired such dexterity that he not only sent his family very long letters, but also sonnets and verses. His family answered him on tissue paper folded up in the seams. His sisters patiently copied out cantos from Dante and verses from Petrarch on transparent muslin, while Anna Poma, seventy years old at the time, spoilt her eye-sight tracing in the finest of handwriting words in which her mother's love found full expression.

The prisoner bade his dear ones good-day, saluted, in transports worthy of a poet, the sun which could not shine into his sepulchre; described in sprightly fashion the furniture (*sic*) of his cell; and told how he got through his days of fourteen hours of idleness, boredom and immobility ... he related how before munching his disgusting bread, he would pick bits of coal out of the crust and then busy himself writing verses on the wall, only to rub them out again; how he would recite sonnet after sonnet and hum over all the airs he could call to mind; how he would strain his ears to catch what the passers-by were saying. To pass the time he made soap balls, set himself Chinese puzzles and played nine-pins; he related how he fed spiders on an ant apiece per day; how he made a draught-board and played with imaginary men.

After each interrogatory, he assured his relations that he had stood firm and had compromised no one. On the 3rd of November he wrote: "Mother, on Tuesday I was questioned for the last time. Set your mind at rest: during the trial I didn't weaken once, nor was I guilty of one moment's cowardice. The sentence is to be pronounced shortly „

This was his last message from the Castle, where they came to tell him that he was condemned to be hung, as he was composing some verses for the young wife of one of his friends.

His brother went to see him during the last hours of his martyrdom. Even then his chains were not removed, under the pretext that no fitting person to perform that task could be found. Resting his head upon his brother's shoulder, he exhorted him to do his utmost at all times.

"Don't forget me, and don't let my death sadden you, for it is not death, but a new day that is dawning for me. To-morrow I shall at length be able to see what there is in the sun „

While he was in his death agony, his aged mother was on her way to Vienna where she hoped to touch the heart of the Empress; but at Trieste she was turned back. On her return she learnt of her son's death, and it appears the au

thorities pushed cynicism so far as to present her with a bill for the expenses of the execution.

BARTOLOMEO GRAZIOLI was an ideal shepherd of souls. Though well versed in theology, philosophy and science, he spent himself in the service of the people and did his best to help the unlettered.

"The idea of a priest delivering his sermon in choice Italian, I find extremely amusing. A fop of that kind reminds me of the nobleman who, when his dependents clamoured for bread after a long period of starvation, sent them fancy cakes „.

When the news of his condemnation came, he gave way for a moment in the face of such a monstrous travesty of justice, but his faith quickly prevailed. His farewell message to his parishioners was most pathetic: "I have loved you, and shall continue to do so in the life beyond the grave. If I have failed in my duty towards you, forgive me. It may be that, while urging you to be virtuous, I, your pastor, have been a stumbling-block in your path. Cover, therefore, my deficiencies with the cloak of charity. Love and honour my successor, my dear brothers, as you have me „.

On the way to Belfiore, on the morning of the 3rd of May, as the carriage was descending the slope, the kind-hearted priest suddenly caught sight of the gallows and said to Don Martini: "Ah, what a wooden head I've got! This morning when dressing, I ought to have left off my woollen drawers. They are quite new; I shan't want them any longer and they would have been a god-send to some poor fellow! „.

When they threw his body into the pit, an Austrian officer covered the dead man's face with his handkerchief and said to the grave-digger: "Lay him out carefully, for it is sacrilege to cover with earth those features made in the image of God „.

Count CARLO MONTANARI of Verona, a very talented mathematician and architect, an associate of the Academy of Arts, author of communications to the Venice and Milan Congresses, untiring philanthropist, founder of the Academy Library, and

the moving spirit of all good works in his native city, was beloved by all his fellow-citizens.

President of the Verona committee, he bought up the largest share of Mazzini's bonds. When the news of Tazzoli's arrest reached Verona, they begged him to take refuge in Turin. Counsels, prayers, and tears were all in vain: he refused to go. The sole question that concerned him was the safe-guarding of his honour, a matter that lay near his heart. "If I was certain that by saving myself, I should be made King, and by staying I should be hung, I should stay. Desertion is destructive to the cause „. He was arrested and hung.

TITO SPERI, a veritable lion's cub of Brescia "the lioness of Italy „, had been the heart and soul of the popular rising of 1848 which lasted for ten days and which, in avenging the defeat at Novara, saved the nation's honour. Exposing himself at all the barricades, he made light of the bullets that were flying about. When Nugent sent to tell him that he meant to enter Brescia by love or by force, Tito replied: "By force, perhaps; by love, never „.

On the day previous to his execution, he wrote the following letter to his dearest friend, Alberto Cavalletto. "To-morrow I am going to my long sleep. As sure as God exists, I have sought the truth only. I assure you I have just passed three exquisite days. In my life I have experienced some joys, but they were worth nothing compared to these last ones. I am surprised that all men don't allow themselves to be hanged! You will think that I either exaggerate or have lost my senses: no, no; a man about to die, neither exaggerates nor talks nonsense. I feel that the spiritual side of me is uppermost, and I am in haste to be freed from bodily sufferings and to rest on the bosom of God whence I came. How much could I tell you, had I the time! Think of my mother when you come out of prison. I extend my forgiveness to all: may all they whom, by mischance, I may have offended, forgive me. It is not death I go to, but my wedding: this my spirit tells me, the spirit

“ that to-morrow will be with God „. — In a postscript he added: “ Good-bye, it is midnight: I shall either sleep or talk “ face to face with God „.

When he had embraced the chaplain and kissed the crucifix, he mounted the ladder and, looking towards heaven, said: “ I am coming to Thee, my God, I am coming to Thee „.

An Austrian officer, present at the execution, was heard to say: “ These Italians know how to die! „

* * *

Before taking leave of you, kind reader, I wish to dedicate a few pages to the most powerful mind produced by the Risorgimento: I mean MAZZINI. No other human being has been doomed to go through a more distressing and painful kind of life; yet, to no other mortal being was it given to climb to greater moral and spiritual heights.

Condemned and imprisoned at the age of twenty-six, he thenceforth trod the exile's path.

The years 1833-1848 were for the exile years of desolation and misery. He wandered, at first, like a creature accursed, through Lausanne, Berne, Bienne, Grenchen, Langnau, Soleure, cooped up in deserted houses whence he emerged only at night to seek some other shelter under cover of darkness. The police were ever on his track, and gave him no rest. Deprived of books and clothes, denying himself the necessaries of life, tormented by nostalgia, he passed his days reading and writing. Needy refugees had recourse to his impoverished purse, on which he could yet draw, though, at times, he was compelled to turn to his mother for succour. The anguish of exile burnt into his soul.

Banished from Switzerland, he took refuge in England and buried himself in one of the most sordid districts of London,

where he still led his life of poverty under sadder conditions than ever, inasmuch as in that island sun and music, an Italian's two great consolations, were lacking. He was reduced to pawning his mother's ring, his watch, his books, his maps. One evening, in order to buy food, he carried an old coat and a pair of shoes to one of those low shops frequented by unfortunates and the poorest of the poor. One after the other Giovanni and Antonio Ruffini left him, and that world-city swallowed him up. He applied in vain for a place as proof-reader; he tried to trade in oil, and failed.

From his attic he went backwards and forwards to the British Museum to do translation work, or write literary articles. While dragging out this pitiable existence, he identified himself with the lives of knife-grinders, barrel-organ players and the poor hawkers of plaster figures who, slaving for inhuman speculators, were dying of cold and hunger in the London slums. He opened night schools for them, and there taught them spelling, geography, and drawing: on Sunday Mazzini spoke to them on matters relating to the history of Italy, and on Astronomy, for to this last branch of knowledge he ascribed a moral influence.

Mazzini, who had summed up his political creed in two articles: "I believe in the Unity of Italy: I believe in the Republic," hastened back to Italy when news came of the great revolution of 1848.

On the 9th of February 1849, the Republic was proclaimed at Rome; on the fourth day of its life, the Assembly unanimously elected Mazzini a Roman citizen, and invited him to resort thither. On the 5th of March, through the Porta del Popolo, with all the mystic emotion of a pilgrim, Mazzini made his solemn entry. Appointed triumvir, he became, under the pressure of subsequent tragic events, little less than a dictator.

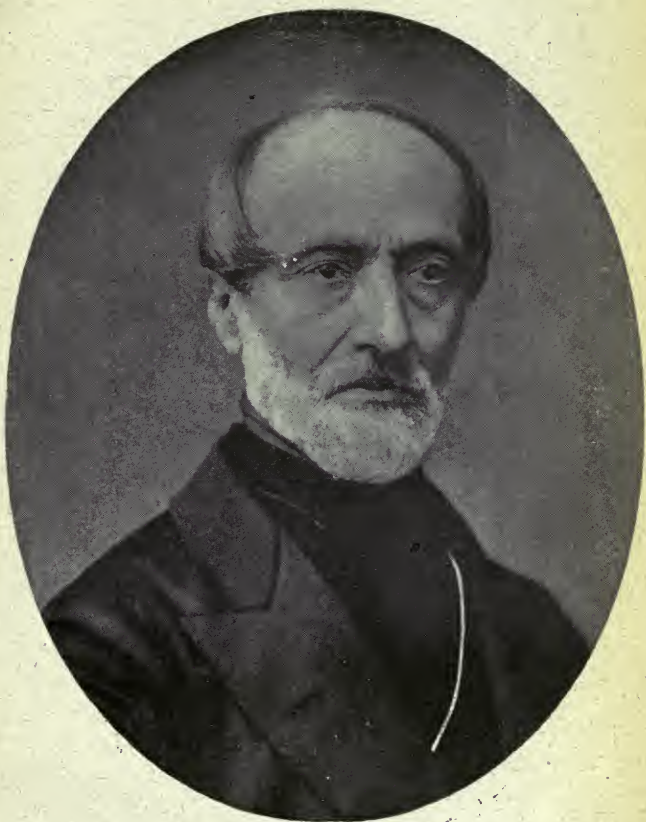
Mazzini's principles of government during the ephemeral existence of republican Rome, were principles of uprightness, fair-dealing and justice. The press was free, conspirators tolerated, the clergy protected in the exercise of their ministry.

He improved the material condition of the poorer priests, and persuaded the people who had removed the confessionals the better to buttress up the barricades, to restore them to the churches, while popular and free secular instruction was organised. A people, reduced to the condition of a mendicant and menacing mob, he converted into a legion of stoics prepared to suffer and to die. All his means were given to the needy. The daily cost of his meals, which he took in a modest cook-shop, amounted to two lire only.

When the iron circle was drawn ever closer round the Republic, Mazzini, with Garibaldi's assistance, made provision, like Manin at Venice, for the defence of Rome against the Austrians. Alas! it was not the Austrians who were advancing: it was Oudinot, despatched by the French Republic to massacre his brother republicans.

The *defence of Rome* resembles an episode in Virgil. Under an uninterrupted bombardment, while the younger men hurled themselves, with a song in their mouths, into the furnace on the Janiculum, Mazzini, whose food consisted of bread and grapes, went up and down the streets and the banks of the Tiber, encouraging the people to defend the town stone by stone. Six thousand women from the lower classes volunteered to work in the hospitals. The poor "trasteverine", driven from their homes by the showers of bombs, were received into palaces deserted by the nobility, on pledging their word not to pillage or do any damage. They kept their word. The city, which was not supposed to be able to hold out for two days, held out for two months. Garibaldi, at last, assured the Assembly that resistance was useless, but on this Mazzini exclaimed: "Republics do not yield, nor do they capitulate: they perish protesting".

Garibaldi had left the city with his men; Mazzini, aged and bent, remained alone. He wandered up and down among the smoking ruins. The French didn't dare arrest him. "If you love me, let me die with Rome", was his reply to the friends who urged flight. Then his faith once more triumphed. Once again he set his foot upon the path of exile, reached



MAZZINI

Civitavecchia alone, embarked there for Marseilles, and thence went to Geneva, where he addressed to the French government a letter in these touching words:

" You are Ministers of France, gentlemen; I am but an exile. You have gold, armies, and crowds that bend to your lightest wish. I have but two things to solace myself with: a few ties of affection and that Alpine breeze which blows from my native land, and which you, with the cruelty of fear, are, perhaps, about to deprive me of. Nevertheless, I would not change my lot with yours. I carry with me in exile the peaceful serenity of a pure conscience. I can raise my eyes without fear of anyone saying to me: ' You have deliberately lied '. May God spare you the sorrow of dying in exile, for you would not have so clear a conscience with which to console yourselves „

Exile, with its struggle and its pain, claimed him for a fresh period of ten years, 1849 to 1859, during which he confuted the French Socialism whose motto is good living. He converted his pen into a naked rapier against all peace promoting societies. " Tush! this talk about peace, when the map of Europe has to be drawn afresh. These peacemongers are destitute of principles! „

The principle of nationality became the corner stone of his political structure. " *Nationality is as unconquerable as the conscience: you may drug it for a while, but stifle it, never!* „ He grafted the new international right on *the principle of nationality*, a deathless principle and religious withal, sanctified by a noble army of martyrs.

The reader is already aware that Mazzini was not the first to proclaim it. From Dante downwards, the great philosophers and the most illustrious writers have asserted Italy's right to unity and national liberty. Victor Hugo, Edgar Quinet, Michelet, have devoted their talents and their sympathies to the defence of people oppressed. Mazzini was none the less the apostle of this principle, immortal as the justice of God, by which peoples with a common origin, tradition, territory and language, possess the right to form one nation.

Mazzini adds, — it might seem a trifle, but is of paramount importance, — that these things mean very little, if they are not informed by a psychological element: *the conscience*.

" *One's country is not merely a territory; the territory is only the base. Country is the outstanding idea in it: that which binds all the children of that territory together is the thought of love, the feeling of communion. Country means before all else the country's conscience. The soil that supports you, and the limits which nature places between your country and that of others, the sweet language there spoken, are only the visible forms of 'Country'. If the soul of Country does not pulsate in that inner shrine of the individual life which we call conscience, that form resembles the lifeless clay, robbed of the breath of life: you are a tomb, not a nation; people, but not 'a people' .* "

The liberation of Naples and Sicily brought Mazzini on the scene, but he soon saw reason to return to the fogs of London. Bent double with rheumatism, he wrote from morn till eve, without caring to confess that his health was growing worse. " It is absurd to fall ill when nations are fighting for freedom! . " Unwearied in the defence of liberty and justice, he proclaimed truths whose deep import we are only now beginning to grasp. Here are some gleanings from the vast field of his thought.

" *In my opinion, every time that war is not sanctified by a principle, it is, of all crimes, the most terrible. The soldier who is not the armed apostle of progress, is a miserable mercenary who kills another for gain. A victory of that kind can win laurels that wither with the day, never the aureole of a lasting victory. The aim and object of a war should be to proclaim a truth or to bury a falsehood; for it is not war in itself that gives glory to arms, but the sanctity of the aim which war has in view. Raise war to the higher plane of faith; let every bayonet bear on its point the ideal which nerves the arm to drive it home .* "

" *Peoples are brothers, and a brother means a member of the human race. Just as it is the duty of every individual*

" to run to the rescue of a person robbed upon the road, so
" it is incumbent upon a people, in the name of God, and the
" human family, to hasten to the aid of another people at war
" against those who would curtail its life, liberty and honour.

" Nations which look on with folded arms when wars, the
" offspring of dynastic or national egotism, are being waged,
" will call in vain for succour when they themselves are in the
" grip of others „.

" True patriotism never fears the truth; sycophancy is of
" no profit to one's country; to stuff our mouths with words
" of bombast and pride does not make us any the less abject.
" National honour is acquired by the avowal and effacement
" of our errors, never by the glorification of our good qua-
" lities. I abhor a proud and domineering nation that builds
" its strength and its greatness on others' weakness and
" misery. The word 'slavery' must disappear from the vo-
" cabulary of all who are capable of expressing one word
" of love „.

" The destinies of the Ottoman and Austrian Empires are
" identical. Those two anomalies must stand or fall together.
" Like the infant Hercules, young Italy must with stupendous
" effort strangle the twin serpents which bite into the heart of
" Europe: lust of conquest, represented by Austria; fatalism,
" by Turkey.

" The several countries are humanity's workshops, each
" nation a piece of work instinct with life. Its life does not
" belong to it alone but constitutes a force, a function of the
" universal scheme of Providence.

" If Italy would become great, prosperous and powerful, she
" must assimilate the principle of a moral mission to be duly
" shared by every people. She must hoist on all her frontiers
" a flag with the device: 'Liberty, nationality!' and on it
" must base every act in her international life. Humanity is
" nothing more nor less than a vast army going forth to
" conquer unknown lands, against strong and wary foes. The
" different nations make up its army-corps. Each has its al-
" lotted position, each its special operation to perform, and the

*"common victory depends upon the precision with which the
"different operations are performed".*

After prolonged meditation, into which entered wide culture, a rare gift of observation, a deep knowledge of men and affairs, Mazzini predicted that Europe must inevitably resolve itself into a Free Federation of States; must set up a permanent international congress and a court of international arbitration, and must decree general and simultaneous disarmament, the publication of all papers relating to foreign affairs, the emancipation of woman, the education of the people.

His style, which expressed his thought with ever growing vigour, was as flexible as a rapier.

Meanwhile he laboured for the liberation of Rome: "Rome belongs to the Italians, and they must have it", he would proclaim on all sides. But he hoped that a republican movement would give it them. The supreme ideal of his life, Rome a Republic, was shattered, and from that moment his existence was one of unredeemed sadness. His health grew rapidly worse. His numerous friends vainly attempted to induce him to lead a more tranquil existence. "Of what
"moment are the number of months or years that are yet
"left me on earth? Shall I love you any the less because
"I go to work elsewhere? The thought often strikes me
"that when the time comes for me to leave you, you will
"all work with renewed faith and ardour, to prove that
"my life was not in vain".

At last the pen, which had ministered to the wants of body and soul alike, fell from his frozen fingers. Mazzini had once said: "*Look deep into my life; I challenge you to find in it
"a single action contradicting the faith I profess"*"; and to him the words could truly be given:

..... the world hath left me, what it found me, pure,
And if I have not gathered yet its praise,
I sought it not by any baser lure.

BYRON (*The Prophecy of Dante*).



Mazzini had often repeated: "*To us belongs the Isonzo; ours is Istria for political, geographical and ethnographical reasons. If ever there is a territory truly Italian, it is Trentino (Italian Tyrol) „*" "*The Alps must encompass Italy on the East as they enclose and protect her on the West „*".

But what good was it to proclaim a legitimate right, when the Hapsburg tyrant would strangle the voice of the Italians with the rope, or muffle the sound of it in dark dungeons?

The Hapsburg was powerful, and, in 1866, he imposed upon Italy a mockery of a frontier, nothing more nor less than a mere post in the middle of a plain. Behind the post, Austria raised her defences, fortified the Isonzo and the upper part of the Adige with its tributaries, and the colossal chain of the Rhaetian and Julian Alps: this side of the frontier, were only to be found plains cut up by rivers, which are either torrents or mere beds of stones, where it is impossible to build up any defence whatever. Austria therefore deliberately tore from young Italy the territories which geographically belonged to her, keeping the people of these territories still in bondage and making them endure, for the last half century, the martyrdom of foreign servitude. The people thus subject to Austria were called "*irredenti* „, which means unredeemed.

You will recall the words of Cavour on his death-bed: "*... As regards the conquest of Istria and the Tyrol, that is another question. That will be for another generation. We have done our full share ...*" „.

The present generation has fallen into rank under the banner of liberty with a two-fold purpose: to save Europe from the scourge of Teutonic militarism, and to fulfil the sacred trust committed to it by the Fathers: **the complete unity of Italy.**

Fortune has smiled on Italy: the bravery of her people has received the full recompense of reward! Shelley's message, at the distance of a century, becomes at last true in its fullest meaning, and is to every Italian like Heaven's own benediction:

Thou which wert once, and then didst cease to be,
Now art, and henceforth ever shalt be, free,
If Hope, and Truth, and Justice can avail,
Hail, hail, all hail!





Monument to **Dante** erected at Trent in the heart of the Tyrol, not only to the memory of the greatest Italian poet, but as an affirmation of Dante's prophecy, who, six centuries ago, foresaw the God-given boundaries of Italy.

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